Mrs. Smith

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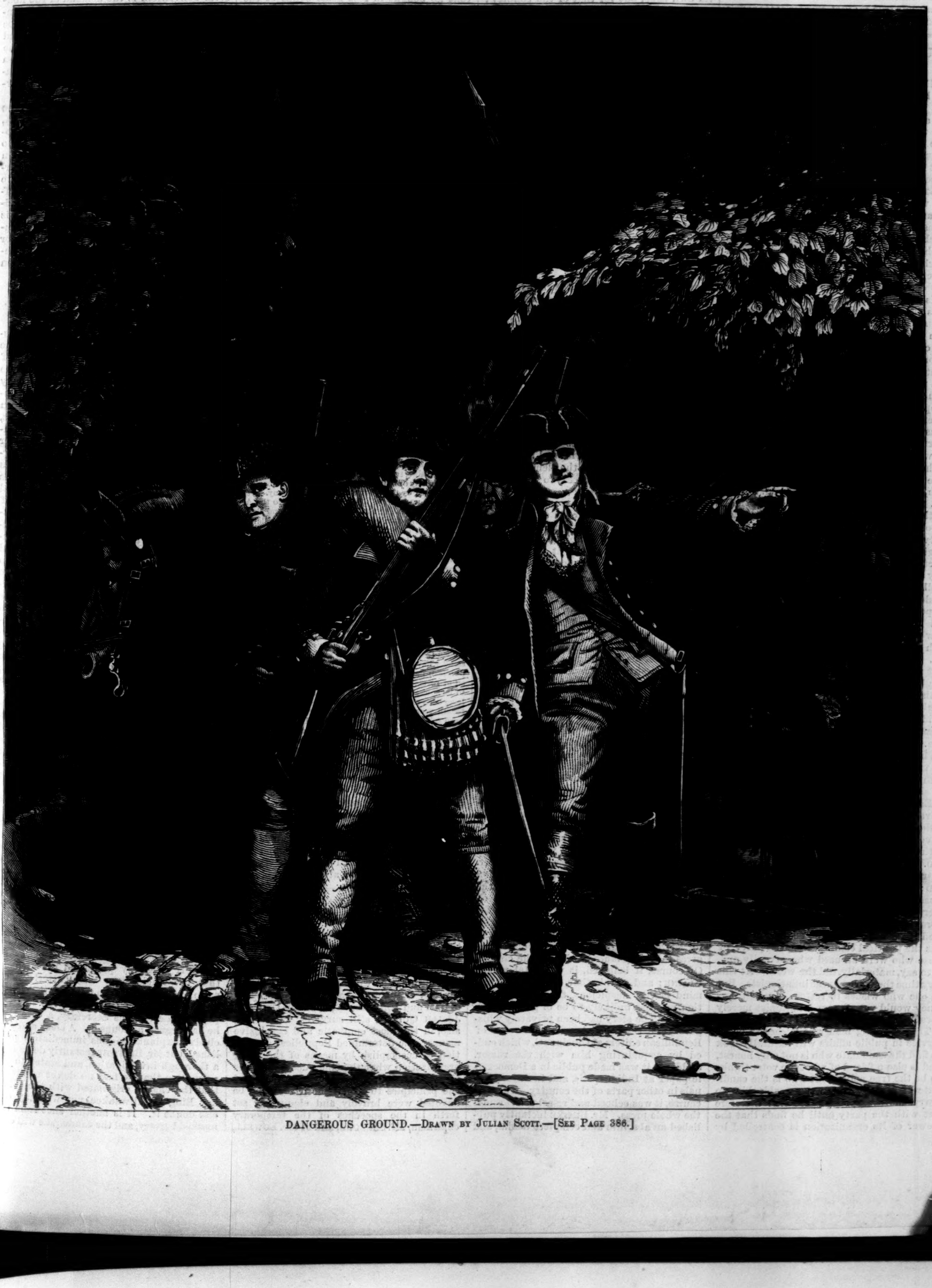

DANGEROUS GROUND.—DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT.—[SEE PAGE 388.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 13, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a number of interesting engravings, a short story entitled* "Why Mrs. Jones Didn't Move," *and other entertaining reading matter.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

YOUNG MEN AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE Republican party has always strongly appealed to the sympathy and support of young men. The moral aspect of the slavery question aroused enthusiasm, and the earlier movements of the party were like a crusade. This tradition still lingers. The party is strongest among the most intelligent and the most conscientious classes of citizens. It is weakest in the worst parts of great cities and among those who were bred under the influences of slavery and secession. But this very fact explains the independence within the party which renders the strict drill and discipline of the Democratic party impossible, and which often confuses the designs of party leaders. This independence, however, is the true conservatism of the party, because it holds those leaders in check. There is always known to be a large number of Republicans who would not hesitate to stay away from the polls or to vote against an unworthy candidate. This number is now large beyond all precedent. In every other Presidential election since the party was organized the alternative has been so sharp and momentous that it has seemed wiser to this independent class to sustain the party even under protest. But this year the issue that is fast becoming most prominent is that of reform, and party traditions and party bonds are weaker than ever before.

The young men at this election will not have the hideous crime of slavery to deal with, like those of sixteen and twenty years ago. But the ardor and high hope of their youth naturally look to find a worthy cause in politics, and they turn to the Republican party as the vehicle by which their desires of giving a purer and nobler impulse to practical politics may be fulfilled. How are they to act? Shall they form reform clubs? Shall they declare themselves wholly independent of parties? Shall they resolve to support, irrespective of party, only honest and capable men? What can they do? How shall they do it? We are often asked such questions, and we will endeavor to reply. A little reflection will probably show that under a system of government like ours tangible results can be produced only by organized political action. The nature of the results desired is largely determined by individual temperament, by knowledge, patriotism, interest, circumstances, and education. Now the results that we desire can not be accomplished merely by electing honest men. It is the honest man who agrees with us as to what should be done, whom we should support. In the Great Rebellion in England Falkland was as spotless and chivalric as Hampden, but no man who wished the overthrow of the Stuart tyranny could follow Falkland. Calhoun was, in the usual sense, as honest a man as Seward. But every American who wished to restrict slavery voted and worked with Seward; and it was the party organization of those who so worked and voted that really overthrew slavery. We do not forget the moral appeal of the Abolitionists that awakened the conscience of the country. But it was the political combination, the party, of those who were aroused who actually and, so to say, materially, did the work. At this very time there are honest inflationists. But no one who wishes to restore a sound currency would vote for an inflationist merely because he is honest.

Thus a young man who wishes to be of service in public affairs will naturally look to find the candidate who is not only honest, and is also a friend of what the voter thinks to be the true policy, but who is the candidate of a party which can enable him to carry out that policy. He will therefore act with the party until he finds that the power of its organization is controlled by unprincipled men for selfish purposes; and when he is satisfied that the situation is hopeless, he will seek other methods of attaining the ends that he desires. At the present moment in this country the younger voters are more interested in reform than in any other object. What, then, is the situation? Is it not evident that either the candidate to be nominated at Cincinnati or that at St. Louis will be elected? Is it not equally evident that there is a general "uprising" within the Republican party in favor of some candidate who is not only a true Republican, but distinctively free from all entangling alliances with the shames and disgraces of the party? Is not this, therefore, a most favorable moment to unite with the organization, and increase the volume and momentum of the demand within the party?

Of course no self-respecting man by acting with a party pledges himself to all that the party may do. He joins a party not for its own sake, but for that of the country; and when he finds the party betraying the country, he can not honorably or patriotically support it. To the argument that the other party is no better, he will probably reply that of two positive evils he will choose neither; and he will certainly not vote for a thief to defeat a forger. These are very elementary truths, but they are sometimes forgotten. The theory that politics is always a choice of evils is untrue. The election of 1860 was a choice between Democratic extension and Republican repression of slavery, and the candidate of the Republicans was a proverbially honest man. Where was the choice of evils? Whenever that choice appears, as sometimes it undoubtedly does, the question is where the real evil lies. This alternative offered itself to many voters in 1872. Those who voted for Grant under protest decided that a Democratic restoration would be a calamity altogether greater than any mischief that could result from the election of Grant. But most of that class would consider a Republican nomination at this time which promised a mere continuance of the régime under which the honor of the country and the character of popular government have so severely suffered a positive evil which they would actively oppose. And this feeling extends beyond the class of which we speak. A Michigan Union soldier says, sententiously, "I have always voted the Republican ticket heretofore, but when it comes to being ruled by thieves or rebels, I shall choose to be ruled by rebels." It is an epigrammatic way of putting it, but it is a voice which is heard on all sides, and will be heeded at Cincinnati, for it is the voice of the element which has given power and success to the Republican party.

It seems to us that the young men who sincerely seek reform should at this time, when there is so inspiring a resolution to the same end in the Republican party, unite with that party to secure at Cincinnati a result which will be the guarantee of what they desire. This is what the most public-spirited and unselfish citizens are doing in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Missouri and throughout the country. Patriotic expectation is turned to Cincinnati for a candidate who shall represent not merely the force of a party machine, but the power of the generous, reforming, and resolute Republican desire of the country.

MR. BLAINE'S EXPLANATION.

In speaking of the railroad-bond scandal about Mr. Blaine, we said that at least it would be admitted that he had always shown himself acute enough to escape the traps into which the honest but dull often fall. If high principle should be denied to him, and if, as is sometimes asserted, he is merely a politician, yet surely he is a politician of sagacity enough to know that, in public life, honesty, if nothing more, is certainly good policy. The substance of the charge against Mr. Blaine was that when he was Speaker of the House, and when Mr. Thomas Scott was president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, he caused the company to buy bonds to the amount of $75,000, which were almost worthless, for $64,000, and the insinuation was that this was a bribe to secure the favor of Mr. Blaine for Mr. Scott's railway projects before Congress. Plainly stated, this was the charge. Of course, if believed, it was fatal to Mr. Blaine; and at this time, when the public mind is very suspicious, the mere accusation was not unlikely to be of great injury to him. The story had been privately whispered, and there had been a conference of Republican editors at Cincinnati, which ended by acquainting him with the rumor. Suddenly it was made public in a Democratic paper at Indianapolis, and in other journals in other parts of the country. Then, of course, it was echoed and re-echoed through the whole press. Mr. Blaine instantly published an absolute and complete denial, and having collected evidence that is apparently conclusive, he made a brief, clear, simple statement in the House, which was as thorough a refutation as was ever made, and, in the absence of other evidence, leaves him unspotted.

He showed by the testimony of the officers and bankers who had been cited as agents that he had never received from them directly or indirectly any money, as charged. Mr. Scott in the most explicit manner declared that Mr. Blaine had never had any transaction whatever with him, directly or indirectly, involving money or valuables of any kind. The treasurer of the road, Mr. E. H. Rollins, was equally precise and unqualified in his declarations; and Messrs. Morton, Bliss, & Co., who were said to have paid the money, said, "Nothing has been paid by us, in any form or at any time, to any person or any corporation in which you were known, believed, or supposed to have any interest whatever." Mr. Blaine states that he bought in 1869 some bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, which derived its franchise and rights entirely from the State of Arkansas. He paid for his bonds the price that all buyers paid, and, with other buyers, he lost by them. His loss was more than $20,000. All the bonds that he ever bought he held until the company was reorganized, in 1874, when he exchanged them for stock and bonds in the new concern, which he still holds. When the Atlantic and Pacific, and the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas roads bought some of the securities of the Little Rock road, Mr. Blaine knew of the negotiation, but none of the bonds sold to those roads belonged to him, nor did he have a single dollar's pecuniary interest in the transaction.

This is the statement of Mr. Blaine, supported by unquestionable testimony. He has not sought investigation because he knew by experience how long he would have to wait for a report; and while awaiting the slow action of a committee, with the charges still pending, he could not have published the evidence which he has now submitted. He knew, moreover, although he does not say, and every body knows, that the Democratic investigating committee would have delayed any report until after the Cincinnati Convention, as a fatal blow to Mr. Blaine's possible candidacy. But if the House now wishes to open an inquiry, he will gladly give all the assistance he can to make it rigorous and thorough. In justice to Mr. Blaine, we present the concluding summary of his speech:

> "Let me now, Mr. Speaker, briefly summarize what I have presented: First. That the story of my receiving $64,000, or any other sum of money, or any thing of value, from the Union Pacific Railroad Company, directly or indirectly, or in any form, is absolutely disproved by the most conclusive testimony. Second. That no bond of mine was ever sold to the Atlantic and Pacific, or the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad Company, and that not a single dollar of money from either of these companies ever went to my profit or benefit. Third. That instead of receiving bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road as a gratuity, I never had one except at the regular market price, and that instead of making a large fortune of that company, I have incurred a severe pecuniary loss from my investment in its securities, which I still retain; and out of such affairs as these grows the popular gossip of large fortunes amassed in Congress. I can hardly expect, Mr. Speaker, that any statement from me will stop the work of those who have so industriously circulated these calumnies. For months past the effort has been energetic and continuous to spread these stories in private circles. Emissaries of slander have visited the editorial rooms of leading Republican papers, from Boston to Omaha, and whispered of revelations to come that were too terrible even to be spoken in loud tones, and at last the revelations have been made. I am now, Mr. Speaker, in the fourteenth year of a not inactive service in this hall; I have taken and have given blows; I have no doubt said many things in the heat of debate which I would now gladly recall; I have no doubt given votes which in fuller light I would gladly change; but I have never done any thing in my public career for which I could be put to the faintest blush in any presence, or for which I can not answer to my constituents, my conscience, and the Great Searcher of Hearts."

If nobody now appears to justify this accusation, it must be considered merely one of the reckless slanders to which every prominent public man is exposed; and no charge that may be hereafter made against Mr. Blaine, unaccompanied by weighty testimony, will deserve any attention whatever.

THE MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention, with its nine hundred and sixty-nine votes, the character of its leading men and of the delegates it elected to the Cincinnati Convention, was worthy of the old fame of the Bay State, and showed that the spirit of Sam and John Adams, of James Otis and Josiah Quincy, still survives. It shows, also, in the most emphatic and conclusive manner, the determined Republican resolution to accomplish by means of the party organization what the times demand. The situation, the duties of patriotic men, and the principles to which the party must be devoted were bravely and eloquently set forth in the speeches of the temporary chairman, Mr. Sanford, and of Mr. Lowell, Mr. Clarke, and ex-Governor Washburn, and in the admirable resolution, which was unanimously adopted, declining to instruct the delegates, but requiring them to vote only for those candidates whose character and career are the earnest to the country of zealous fidelity to equal rights, of a speedy resumption of specie payments at a date not later than that already fixed by law, and of a thorough and radical reform of the civil service.

The tried and true Republican State of Massachusetts thus takes a position which faithfully represents the controlling sentiment of the party, and upon which the great mass of intelligent and patriotic citizens can stand. It is that to which the country would gladly and enthusiastically rally in the election, and against which the allies of Mr. Hill, of Georgia, and of Governor Allen, of Ohio, and of Tammany Hall, in New York, would dash themselves in vain. The brief and simple platform of the Massachusetts Convention is the demand of the honest and intelligent and industrious country. The action of the Convention will be approved and applauded every where, and it immensely strengthens the force of the pressure upon the Cincinnati Convention not to throw away an easy and overwhelming victory by trusting to the coercive power of mere party spirit.

The delegates at large selected by the Convention are Judge Hoar, R. H. Dana, Jun., John M. Forbes, and President Chadbourne, of Williams College. To those who know Massachusetts and Massachusetts men these names are representative of the character and qualities that have given the State its proud position in our history. The preferences of the delegates in regard to candidates are not fully known. But nothing is better known than that under no circumstances will they support a candidate for the nomination who is not, what they themselves are, typical of the present conviction and demand of the Republican party.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

In speaking some time since of the possible retirement of Mr. Bristow from the cabinet, we mentioned the various kinds of hostility which he had encountered in the prosecution of the Whiskey Rings. Every kind of personal and political appeal, warning, and threat was brought to bear upon him, and no more powerful, unscrupulous, and determined opposition was ever confronted by a public man. The character of the feeling that prevailed in official circles was shown in the remarkable telegram of congratulation sent by the United States attorney of this district upon the acquittal of Babcock at St. Louis. This officer of the government openly denounced the prosecution of Babcock, authorized by the Secretary of the Treasury, as political persecution. That was the feeling in the official world. The Ring suits were declared to be undertaken for the discredit of the Administration, and to promote the personal aspirations of the Secretary. This assertion was carefully repeated by two classes—the tools of the Ring, and the "machine" bummers and runners. Babcock returned in official triumph; was restored to his place amidst the huzzas of ex-Governor Shepherd and the "machine" in general; and just as the faithful were making up a purse to defray the expenses of his defense against "political persecution," and the Secretary of the Treasury was to retire, the Attorney-General of the United States declared that Babcock had virtually stolen a private letter for publication, to deter government witnesses from appearing against him. General Babcock disappeared, and is now the object of further "political persecution" from the Grand Jury of the District. The Secretary of the Treasury remains.

But, as we said in our former article, the Whiskey Ring and its allies have not ceased to execute their threats. From time to time some new charge is to be expected, the sources of which are to be hidden as craftily as possible. The Kentucky whiskey and mule slanders were soon disposed of. More recently came the story of a Judge Bartley, that Mr. Suit had told him that Mr. Bristow had resigned his District-Attorneyship to become counsel for the distillers, and secured a successor who dismissed the suits. Mr. Suit instantly published a statement that the whole story was "utterly false, warp and woof." Then followed the charge of the bark *Mary Merritt*, that he had improperly decided, as Secretary, a case that he had argued as counsel. A clear and conclusive explanation was immediately published, but Mr. Bristow instantly demanded a thorough investigation, and stated to the committee that he had no doubt whatever that the charge originated with the Whiskey Ring of Milwaukee, nor will any one else doubt it. It is another shot from the masked battery, and the cannonade will continue so long as there is any fear that the Republican party will adopt Mr. Bristow's policy of moving at once upon the works of the Ring.

The allies of the Whiskey Ring, the runners with the "machine," pursue a different plan. Their method has been to remark that Mr. Bristow is a favorite with the Democrats, which is very suspicious, and not an advantage to a Republican. This insinuation, however, is dropped since the Democrats have begun to assail him, and it is now said that he is a Kentuckian, and naturally out of harmony with the real Republican feeling of the country. The best reply to this assertion, and the implication behind it that he is unsound upon the negro question, is that nowhere in the country is Mr. Bristow stronger than in New England and among the original antislavery Republicans. As there is some curiosity about the antislavery views of the Secretary, a few facts may be interesting. He comes of what is known as "Whig stock," which is somewhat different from that of Andrew Johnson. His father was one of the seven members of the Constitutional Convention in Kentucky who voted against the famous declaration in the State Constitution that the right of property in a slave is absolute and inviolable. This marks the influence under which Bristow was trained, and he was naturally sent to a Northern college in Pennsylvania. At the age of twenty-seven he declined to vote for Bell, the Whig candidate for Governor of Kentucky, because he declared for the Dred Scott decision. Through the angry time before the war he was a frank Unionist, and at the opening of the war he raised, with others, a regiment for the national service, and took part in the battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh. While in the army he was elected to the State Senate, and was always among the most radical Republicans. He and eleven others voted for the emancipation amendment and against paying the slave-holders for the slaves, and he demanded and advocated the equal civil rights of the negro. His Republican speeches upon the stump were manly and uncompromising. As District Attorney he rooted out the Ku-Klux, and the confidence in him of his radical fellow-Republicans of the State is boundless and enthusiastic.

These are things pleasant to know, because, as Mr. Bristow's name has become very conspicuous among the Republicans named for the Presidency, the inquiry into his antecedents is sure to be made. Experience has thus far shown that the sectional objection to him has been mainly urged by the most venal and unprincipled class of Republicans. He, like Mr. Blaine, is passing through the fiery ordeal to which every man suggested for high position is subjected. But they have thus far passed unscathed.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

There could not be a more vivid and instructive contrast than that between the Republican Convention of Massachusetts and the Democratic Convention of New York, both which met on the same day. The first was an assembly of nearly a thousand of the best representatives of the real conviction, character, and intelligence of the State, acting in perfect harmony, and, after a brief session, selecting delegates worthy of the State and of the cause, then adjourning with the happy consciousness that they had done something for good government and the American name. The Democratic Convention of New York was a body of familiar politicians, in which the real question was whether John Kelly or John Morrissey should control the party, and where the important point decided was that it was safer to defy Morrissey than Kelly. The wrangle occupied the first day of the proceedings, and was decided by the threat of Kelly that if his Tammany delegation were not admitted, it would withdraw and divide the party. This was conclusive, and by a vote of twenty-two, with three not voting, the committee decided to admit Tammany.

Mr. John Bigelow, Secretary of State, and Mr. William Dorsheimer, Lieutenant-Governor, were, we believe, both present at the Convention. They were until recently Republicans, and left that party in pursuit of purer politics and political reform. As they gazed upon the assembly of the party which they have joined for that purpose, we can imagine their asking themselves whether the prospect of reform was more promising from their new allies, Messrs. Jacobs, Morrissey, Kelly, Schell, and the other prominent Democratic figures of the Convention, or from their old Republican friends who were at the same instant assembled in Massachusetts, and who in other States and in the most unmistakable manner are plainly declaring themselves and preparing to shape the policy of the party. Mr. Schurz has been criticised for not joining the Democratic party when he ceased to act with the Republicans. But he knew it did not follow, because one party seemed to him wrong, that the other was right. He preferred to hold himself independent of both, not without hope, we presume, that the party which he knew to have been that of liberty, justice, the Union, patriotism, and intelligence might recover its old course, and invite the co-operation of those who had carried their protest to separation. Last summer, therefore, when the Democrats contested Ohio for soft money, Mr. Schurz, without recanting or changing his position, worked heartily with and for the Republicans, while Mr. Bigelow's and Mr. Dorsheimer's new Democratic chief, Governor Tilden, declared to a reporter of the *Herald* at Saratoga that he hoped for the success of the Democrats in Ohio, who were fighting for inflation, and the other Democratic chief, Mr. Thurman, took the stump to help secure that success. Mr. Schurz, Mr. Bigelow, and Mr. Dorsheimer were all Republicans. Is there any question that, of the three, Mr. Schurz is the one who has shown the surer way to secure the reforms which all the three desired? If he had joined the Democratic party, there was, perhaps, some chance that he might be elected Senator from Missouri. But by holding aloof he has undoubtedly aided the party from which alone, by its principles and membership, reform is to be fairly expected, to take the position that it is taking. Mr. Sumner, also an original and devoted Republican, separated from the party in 1872, but he did not join the Democratic party, nor act with it further than to say that by its adoption of the Cincinnati platform and its nomination of Mr. Greeley it had abandoned all its old positions and principles. He made one speech in the campaign, not as a Democrat, but as a protesting Republican, then went sadly to Europe, and returned to die. Were Charles Sumner living to-day, his heart and hope would also be turned to the probable Cincinnati action as the surest pledge of that reform which he knew to be indispensable.

The New York Democratic Convention and the Republican Convention of Massachusetts are fair representations of the present character and tendencies of the two parties. To which of those assemblies could the honor and prosperity and intelligent progress of the country have been more safely and wisely intrusted?

DEMOCRATIC BOOMERANGS.

Democrats see to their dismay, and their leaders frankly confess, that their party has really gained nothing by the disclosures they have made. They have merely aroused Republicans to a resolution of thorough reform, and the country trusts them, and does not trust the Democrats, and if the Republicans prove by their nominations that the desire of reform controls the party, their success will be as vast and enthusiastic as in their greatest campaigns. One chief reason of the Democratic failure is the fact, which is so absurdly emphasized by the method of proceeding, that the investigations are not prosecuted for the welfare of the country, but to help the Democratic party. To this end the testimony is taken in secret, and garbled, imperfect, or false reports are given to the press to shock and disgust the country, and persuade it that the Democratic party is the sole hope of political purity and reform.

The hope and aim of these committees have been to find something that would show the personal dishonesty of the President. All that has been shown, however, is that, in the case of Orville Grant, and apparently in that of Mrs. Boggs, he has a very loose idea of the proprieties of his office. But every thing that is reported from Washington must be regarded with great suspicion, for the reason that the committees sit in secret, and report what they choose. Sometimes, indeed, the facts are evident, but generally no correct opinion can be formed upon the report. The eagerness of the committee over the testimony of the crazy man who, as it thought, was about to charge the President with the most improbable of offenses, and its intense curiosity to hear what ex-Attorney-General Akerman—who had nothing to reveal—would say of the use of the secret service money, was most laughable. But the committees are not to be allowed to continue their performances and stab character at their pleasure. When the inquiry into the conduct of the Secretary of the Treasury in the bark *Mary Merritt* case was referred to the Committee on Treasury Expenditures, Mr. Kasson moved to instruct it to hold the examination publicly. The patriot Fernando Wood objected. A vote was taken, and there was no quorum. Then Mr. Hoar demanded the yeas and nays. Many Democrats remonstrated. But he insisted, and the result was 170 yeas and 43 nays, the latter all Democrats, including Messrs. Fernando Wood and Abram Hewitt.

If the Democrats had learned from the Secretary of the Treasury, whom they propose to investigate, and had conducted their investigations with a simple and evident desire to discover actual abuses and to punish all offenders, Democrats as well as Republicans, their majority in the House would have been of the greatest service to them. But as William Godwin said of the Roman Church, that it reposed in implicit confidence upon the ignorance of mankind, so it often seems that Republicans may repose with equal confidence upon the hopeless Bourbonism of the Democracy.

PERSONAL.

A. V. Stout, Esq., is enjoying the somewhat rare but agreeable sensation of administering upon his own estate. He has just given $40,000 to endow a professorship in Drew Theological Seminary, and an equal sum to the Wesleyan University.

—The Mobile *Register*—Mr. Forsyth's paper—hints to Jefferson Davis that perhaps it might be just as well for him to have his history published in a posthumous edition. No good and much harm, it adds, might be done by a history from the pen of Mr. Davis.

—Professor Remsen, of Williams College, has accepted the $5000 per annum professorship of chemistry in the new Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, and will commence to experiment next autumn.

—"Mr. —— wants my autograph, and here gets it: much good may it do him!" was Carlyle's reply to an American who had importuned him for a specimen of his handwriting. The great Scotchman did well to be angry. What right had a stranger to prefer such a request? Autograph begging is a serious source of annoyance to persons of celebrity, particularly to authors, and we are sorry to say that the most importunate mendicants in this line are Americans. "George Eliot," for instance, pays for her popularity in this country by being subjected every year to hundreds of applications for her autograph. Perhaps if our inconsiderate countrymen and country-women knew that their favorite author disapproves *on principle* of autograph begging, and that she never answers such requests, they would spare her the pain of receiving such applications and themselves the pain of the seeming slight, which each, as a matter of course, erroneously supposes to be individual.

—It is understood that General Schofield will succeed General Ruger as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point.

—Two brothers of the late Dr. Channing are still living—Walter, the physician, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and George is eighty-seven.

—The Rev. William Stevens Perry, D.D., has been elected president of Hobart College, Geneva. It is not long since Dr. Perry was elected secretary of the Foreign Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society, which he declined; and only a few days ago he was elected president of Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio. Dr. Perry is a gentleman conspicuous for executive ability, and is in all respects an admirable man for the position to which he has been called.

—The Young Women's Christian Association of this city opened on May 2, at the Academy of Music, a fair, which for magnificence and completeness in all its departments has probably never been equaled in this city. The most attractive feature is the art gallery, which contains more than one hundred of the choicest paintings from our most celebrated private collections, and valued at over $250,000. No such collection has ever been opened to the public in this city, and we do not doubt but that it will attract the attention it deserves. The fair will remain open for ten days, closing on May 12.

—Mr. Thomas Carlyle is now eighty-one years of age, and has been using his pen publicly since he began to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1823. He does not love America. Indeed, his antipathy to our beautiful country seems to increase as he grows old. Recently he is said to have remarked, within the hearing of Mr. Conway, "America is a great country, but no system can last which would give Jesus and Judas precisely the same vote on public affairs."

—The recent death of Bishop Johns, of Virginia, will probably lead to a division of the diocese. Bishop Whittle will, of course, retain the diocese most agreeable to him, and the Rev. Dr. Peterkin, of Richmond, is spoken of for the other.

—Edmund Yates not only dictates his letters and editorials, but his novels. His amanuensis is a grave, unimaginative gentleman. On one occasion, when about to begin his day's work, Mr. Yates inquired, "Where did we leave off?" "Where we were pressing her lips, Sir," replied the secretary.

—The Emperor of Brazil is said to be a Freemason. This opinion is suggested by the fact that he has had some difficulty with the bishops in Brazil, who meddled with the order, and he allowed two of them to be sent to prison.

—J. B. Felton, a San Francisco lawyer, gained a great mining suit some time ago, and was paid a fee of $1,000,000. The Louisville *C.-J.* obviously remarks, "We should like to feel as he Felton that occasion."

—The venerable Moses Chase, the oldest member of the Presbyterian church in Southold, Long Island, and his wife celebrated their sixty-sixth wedding day on the 27th of March last. He has been a member of the church sixty-eight years; his wife, sixty-four. One member of this church has been in its communion seventy-six years, and three others have been communicants sixty-eight years.

—Mr. Stephen Massett is again in the United States, after a successful trip to Australia and other far-off countries, and an equally successful professional tour in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Even in Paris he had the exceptionally good fortune of giving his entertainment to a crowded house in the large concert-room of Philippe Herz, Rue Clary. Besides his public success in Ireland, Mr. Massett was made much of by the prominent judicial and legal notabilities of Dublin, and handsomely entertained in private. In the same respects he was equally fortunate in England. The exercise of the "one-man-power" in his case seems to have been highly satisfactory and profitable.

—The visit of the Emperor of Brazil to hear Mr. Moody at the Hippodrome, and the remark of the latter that not even an emperor can save his soul without submitting to Christ, recall an anecdote of Peter Cartwright, so famous in his day as a Methodist minister. He was preaching on one occasion, when General Jackson entered the church, and attracted, as Mr. Cartwright thought, more attention than he was entitled to, whereupon the preacher lustily sang out, "Who cares for General Jackson? He'll go to hell as quick as any body if he doesn't repent!"

—Mr. Oliver Hoyt, of Stamford, Connecticut, has given $25,000 toward the Centennial endowment fund of $500,000 for the Wesleyan University, in Middletown, Connecticut, in addition to $25,000 given some years ago to the same institution.

—According to the modern *Domesday-Book*, recently published, it appears that the Duke of Norfolk has the largest rental in England, owning as he does land in the West Riding of Yorkshire which brings him $1,156,770 per annum.

—A London gentleman has just come into possession of an interesting collection, in five volumes folio, of autograph letters and papers relating to the Pitt family from 1594 to 1650, including letters to that family from Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Bacon, John Selden, etc.; also papers relating to Queen Elizabeth and James I. (with the bill of fare for the royal tables), and a communication to improve the plantations of Virginia and the Summer Isles.

—Mr. Barney Williams, who died on the 25th ult., was fortunate in having as many friends off as on the stage. He had good social position, and for many years had been a welcome guest at the houses of gentlemen eminent in the judicial, legal, medical, and artistic world. He was a very liberal man, and was always prompt and glad to originate and manage entertainments for benevolent purposes. He was particularly generous to his relatives—always doing something to promote their interests and make them happy. His home in New York and his pleasant country place at Bath were filled with fine paintings and statuary, and all his surroundings indicated not only fine taste, but capacity to enjoy what was beautiful and good. He was a very orderly, domestic, temperate, just man, and an honor to his profession.

—Secretary Taft, during his stay at Yale College as tutor and professor, had among students under his charge Chief Justice Waite, Attorney-General Pierrepont, Senator Dawes, and William M. Evarts. In the matter of religion the Secretary is a Unitarian of the most liberal type. Yale is by no means deficient in names distinguished in literature. Among her graduates of the present century are Pierpont, Hillhouse, Cooper (non-graduate, class of 1806), Percival, Willis, Bushnell, Bristed, Mitchell, Winthrop, and Stedman.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: In the Senate, on the 24th ult., Mr. Jones, of Nevada, made a lengthy speech on the Silver Bill, concluding it the next day.—Mr. Blaine made a personal explanation in the House, in regard to the newspaper charges connecting him with the Union Pacific Railroad Company.—The Belknap impeachment case came up in the House on the 25th. The managers submitted their surrejoinder to the defendant's rejoinder, and it was adopted. On the 27th the defense moved for a postponement till December, but it was denied. On the 29th it was decided, after considerable discussion, that the question of jurisdiction should first be determined, the arguments to begin May 4.—On the 26th the House ordered an investigation of all the Federal offices in New Orleans, including the Custom-house, Marshal's Office, Revenue and Bankruptcy departments.—In the House, on the 27th, Mr. Lapham introduced an amendment to the Constitution, authorizing the President to approve or disapprove of separate clauses or provisions of a bill.

Several State Conventions were held during the week for the election of delegates to the National Conventions. The Massachusetts Republicans met in Boston, on the 26th, and elected unpledged delegates. The New York Democratic Convention met at Utica, on the 26th ult., elected delegates, re-indorsed the platform of 1874–75, and presented Governor Tilden's name for the Presidency. The Arkansas Republicans met at Little Rock on the 27th. In view of the fact that the coming State election will be wholly controlled by Democratic judges and clerks of election, it was resolved not to put a ticket in nomination. The California Republicans met in San Francisco, on the 27th, and nominated delegates to Cincinnati. A preference was indicated in the resolutions for Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, but the delegates were left without instructions.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The plague is increasing in Mesopotamia. At Hillah, from April 1 to 7, inclusive, 114 persons were attacked with the disease, and fifty-six died. On April 8 there were twenty-two attacks and thirteen deaths, and on April 9 thirty-one attacks and eleven deaths. At Bagdad, from April 2 to 8, inclusive, there were 256 attacks and 169 deaths; on April 9, seventy-four attacks and thirteen deaths; and on April 10, fifty-six attacks and twenty-six deaths. The highest number of cases registered in any single day was on April 9. Some cases have occurred in the military hospitals and garrisons.

The steamer *Ouessant*, from Brest, has foundered at sea. Twenty-one lives were lost.

The Count von Arnim has been sentenced by the Imperial Court of Discipline at Potsdam to formal dismissal from the public service and the payment of costs of the proceedings. The count's impeachment for high treason will begin before the Court of State on the 11th.

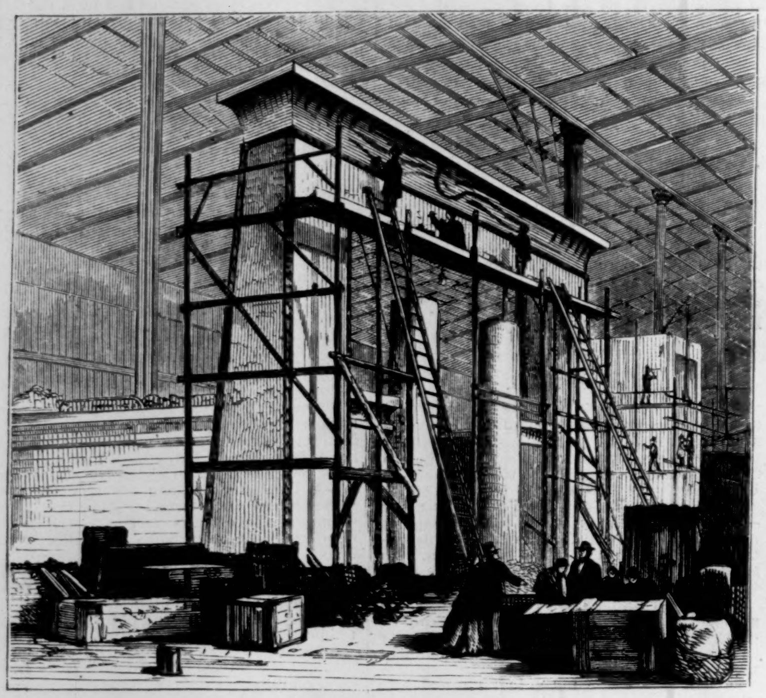
In the recent riots in Barbadoes forty persons were killed and wounded and 500 prisoners taken.

The British House of Commons, on the 26th ult., by a vote of 239 to 152, rejected the bill for removing the electoral disabilities of women.

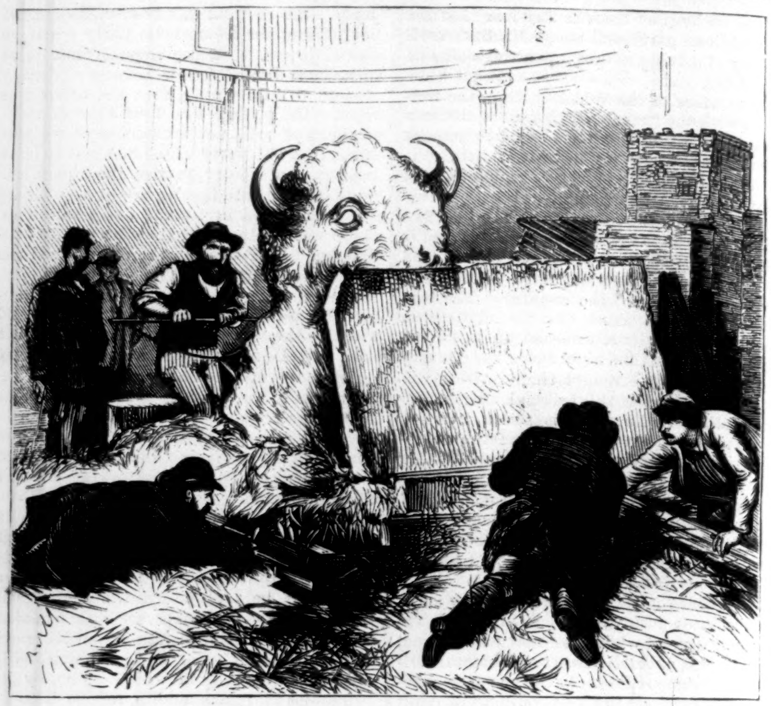
The royal assent to the Royal Titles Bill was announced on the 27th ult. The announcement was received in silence.

Dispatches from the Turkish provinces say that the garrison at Nicsic made a sortie on the 21st ult. to procure provisions from Paesjeka, but were repulsed. The people of the town are reduced to extremities, the soldiers and inhabitants subsisting on horses brought in from Montenegro during the night.

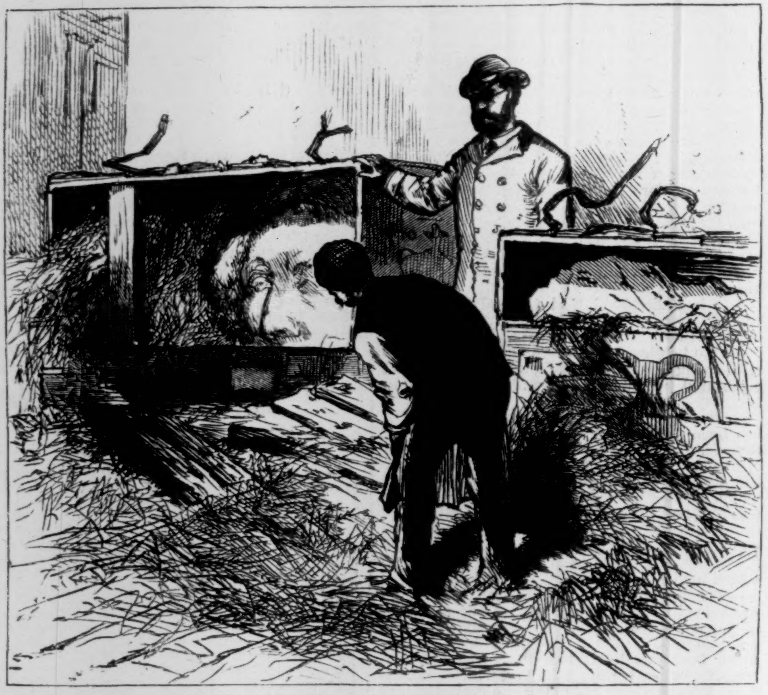
A fire occurred in the Théâtre des Arts, in Rouen, on the evening of the 25th ult., while the actors were dressing for a performance of the opera of *Hamlet*. Eight corpses were taken from the ruins, and many wounded persons were removed to the hospitals. Four soldiers were killed and fifteen wounded in trying to rescue those in the building.



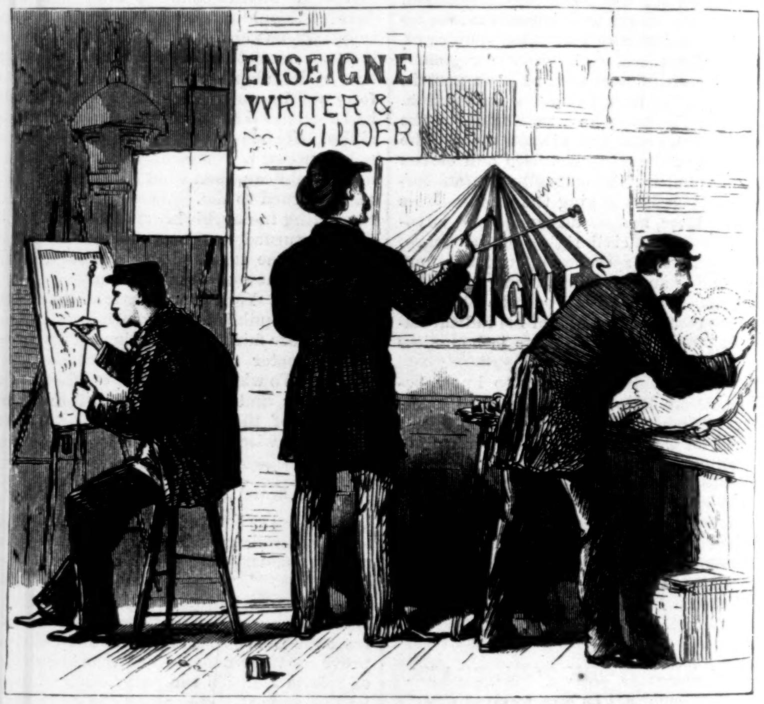
THE EGYPTIAN PAVILION.



UNPACKING A CASE OF STATUARY.



UNPACKING A STATUE OF WASHINGTON.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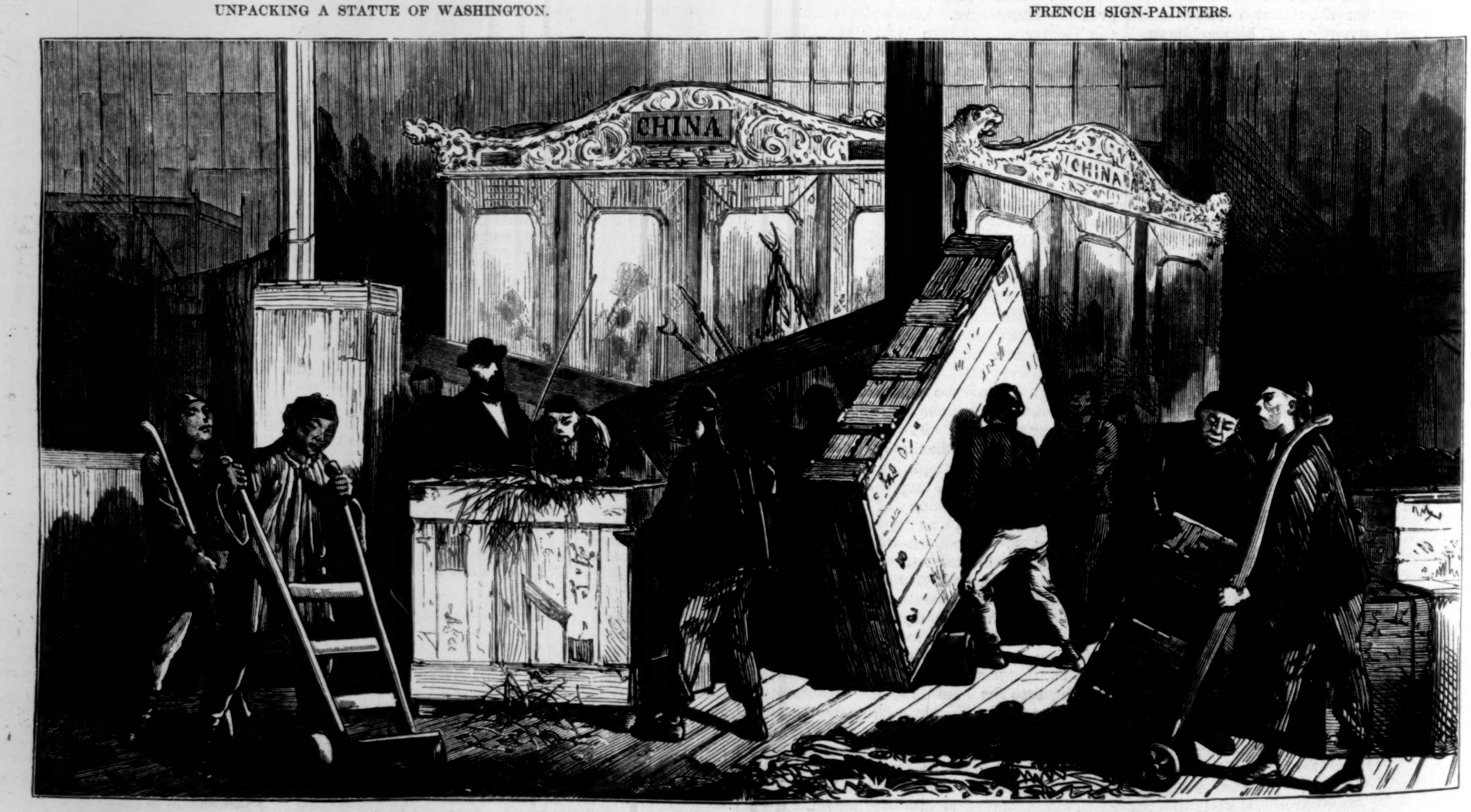
CHINA
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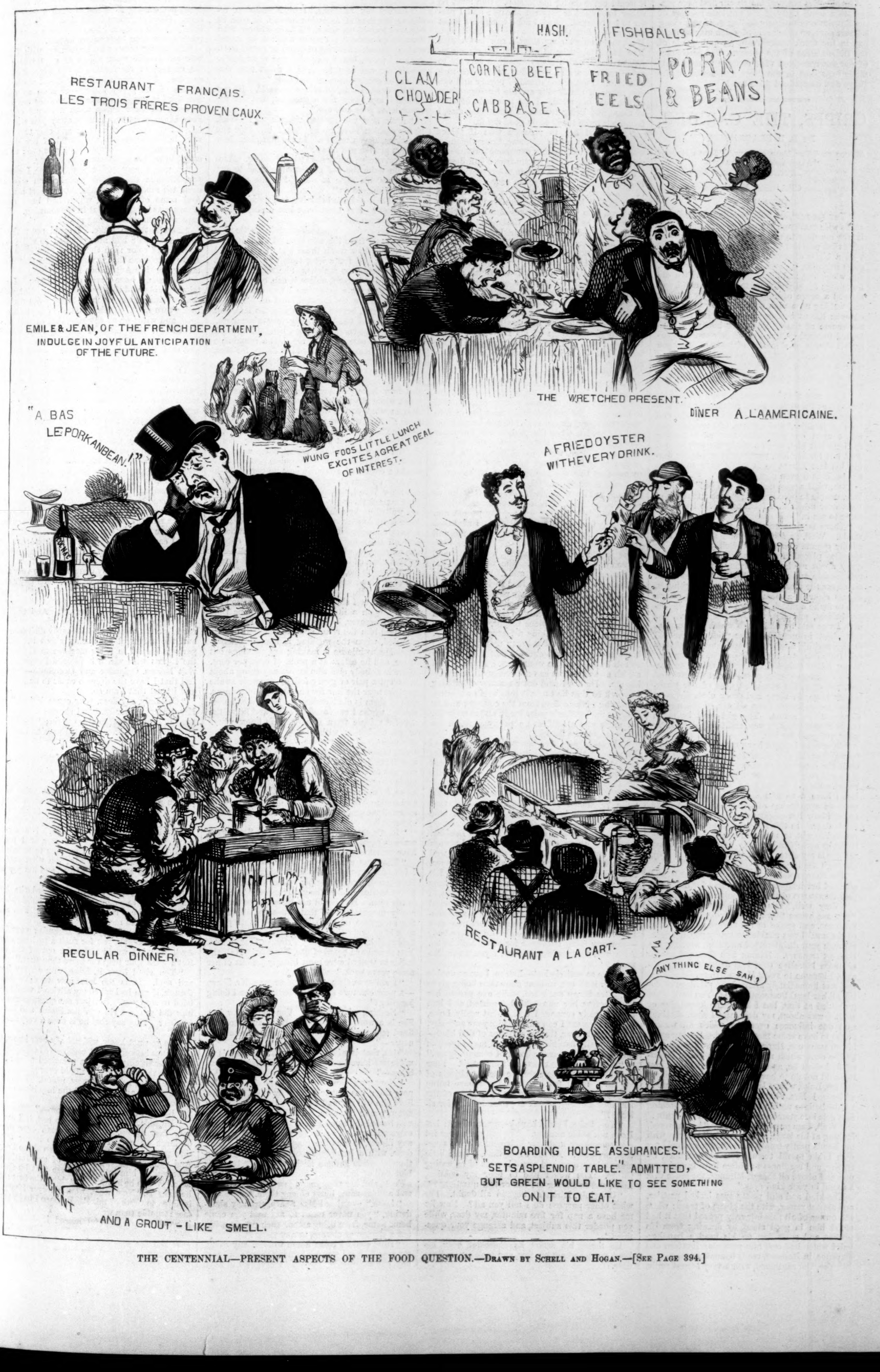
THE CHINESE PAVILION—UNPACKING CHINA WARES.

THE CENTENNIAL—RANDOM SKETCHES.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 394.]


RESTAURANT FRANCAIS.
LES TROIS FRÈRES PROVEN CAUX.
EMILE & JEAN, OF THE FRENCH DEPARTMENT, INDULGE IN JOYFUL ANTICIPATION OF THE FUTURE.
HASH.
FISHBALLS
CLAM CHOWDER
CORNED BEEF & CABBAGE
FRIED EELS
PORK & BEANS
THE WRETCHED PRESENT.
DÎNER A LA AMERICAINE.
"A BAS LE PORK AN BEAN!"
WUNG FOOS LITTLE LUNCH EXCITES A GREAT DEAL OF INTEREST.
A FRIED OYSTER WITH EVERY DRINK.
REGULAR DINNER.
RESTAURANT A LA CART.
ANY THING ELSE SAH?
BOARDING HOUSE ASSURANCES. "SETS A SPLENDID TABLE." ADMITTED, BUT GREEN WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING ON IT TO EAT.
AN ANCIENT AND A GROUT-LIKE SMELL.

THE CENTENNIAL—PRESENT ASPECTS OF THE FOOD QUESTION.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 394.]

DANGEROUS GROUND.

The effective composition on our first page represents a small party of the patriotic soldiers of the Revolution cautiously feeling their way along a forest path, on either side of which may be lurking, in the thick underbrush, an ambuscade of the Indian allies of the enemy. The perception of danger, combined with courage to meet it, is finely expressed in the faces and action of the brave and determined little band.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MANNER.

"You see now, Miranda," continued Mr. Sharp, as his wife came and sat quite close to him, "that it was my duty to make the most of the knowledge thus providentially obtained. We had met with a bitter disappointment through the most gross injustice, brought about, no doubt, by craft, and wheedling, and black falsehood. When old Fermitage stood godfather to our only child, and showed a sense of duty toward him by bottling and walling up a pipe of wine, every body looked upon Kit as certain to stand in his shoes in the course of time. You know how we always looked forward to it, not covetously or improperly, but simply as a matter of justice. And you remember what he said to me before he went to church with Joan Oglander: 'Quibbles, my boy, this shall make no difference between you and me, mind.'

"I am sure that he meant it when he said it; but that artful woman so led him astray, and laid down the law about wives and husbands, and 'county families,' and all that, and pouring contempt upon our profession, that all his better feelings left him, and he made the will he did. And but for her low, unwomanly cowardice during his last illness, so it would have stood—as she believes it even now to stand."

"Oh, what a pure delight it will be!" cried the lady, unable to help herself; "such a triumph of right over might and falsehood! Do let me be there to see it."

"There is time enough to think of that, Miranda. Well, as soon as ever I felt quite sure of my ground about the codicil (which Senhor Gelofilos placed in my hands, after making inquiry about me here, and being satisfied of my relationship and respectability), I began to cast about for the most effectual mode of working it. It was clear in a moment that the right course was to make a match between Grace, now the legal heiress, and Kit, the legitimate heir. But here I was met by difficulties which appeared at first sight insuperable. The pride of the old Squire, and his family nonsense, the suit of Russel Overshute, and the girl's own liking for that young fellow (which I had some reason to suspect), the impossibility of getting at the girl, and last, not least, the stupid shyness of our Christopher himself; these and other obstacles compelled me to knock them all out of the way by some decisive action. The girl must be taken out of stupid people's way, and brought to know what was good for her.

"Of course I might have cut the matter short by walking the girl off, and allowing her no food until she consented to marry Kit; and probably if I could only have foreseen my sad anxieties and heavy outlay, I should have acted in that way. But I have a natural dislike to measures that wear an appearance of harshness; and I could not tell how Kit might take it, or even you, Miranda dear. In this sad puzzle, some good inspiration brought to my mind Hannah Patch, then living by herself in London. In a sort of a manner she is my sister (as I have told you long ago), although she is so many years my elder."

Mrs. Sharp nodded; she knew all about it, and admired her husband none the less for being the illegitimate son of the fashionable Captain Patch.

"Very well," this admirable man resumed, "you are aware that Hannah looked very coldly upon me, and spoke of me always as that child of sin, until I was enabled to marry you, my dear, through your disinterested affection, which is my choicest treasure. Having won that, and another more lucrative (but less delightful) partnership, I became to sweet Hannah the child of love, and was immediately allowed the privilege of doing all her legal business gratis. You have often grumbled at that, but I had some knowledge of what I was about, my dear, and I soon obtained that due influence over her which all women ought to have some man to wield. Setting aside her present use, Hannah Patch has £200 a year of her own, which might be much better invested, and shall be, as soon as it comes to us; but it would not do to have her too set up herself."

"Oh, Luke, what a large-minded dear you are!" whispered Mrs. Sharp, with much enthusiasm; "I do believe nothing escapes you, and nothing that gets into your hand ever does get out again!"

"Well, I am pretty well for that," he answered, looking at his large strong palm; "I began with my hands pretty empty, God knows, and only my own brain to fill them. But perseverance, integrity, and readiness to oblige have brought me on; and above all things, Miranda, the grace that I found in your kind eyes."

The kind and still pretty eyes looked prettier, and almost young, with the gleam of tears; while the owner of all this integrity proved that it had stood him in good stead, by drawing from his pocket, and spreading on his head, a handkerchief which had cost him yesterday fourteen and sixpence, in Holborn, ready hemmed.

"Yes," he continued, with a very honest smile, "you see me as I am, my dear; and there are many poor people in the world worse off. Still, it would never do for me to stop. One must be either backward or forward always; and I prefer to be forward. And I hope to make a great step now. But there must be no hesitation. Well, to go on with my story, I saw how useful Miss Patch might be to us. She has strong religious views, which always make it so easy to guide any one aright, by giving the proper turn to things. Pugnacious dread of popery and valiant terror of the Jesuits are the leading-strings of her poor old mind. I got firm hold of both of these, and being trustee of her money also, I found her quite ready to do good deeds.

"I allowed her to perceive that if things went on without our interference, Grace Oglander would be married, and her enormous fortune sacrificed, to a man whose bosom-friend is a Jesuit, a fierce wolf in sheep's clothing—an uncommonly clever fellow by-the-bye—a very young tutor of Brasenose. She had heard of him; for his name is well known among the leaders of this new sect, who call themselves Anglo-Catholics, and will end by being Roman Catholics. Of these good men (according to their lights) Hannah Patch has even deeper terror than of downright Jesuits. Naturally such stuff matters not to me; except when I can work it.

"Hannah Patch also had a special grudge against old Squire Oglander, a man very well in his way, and very honest, who thinks a great deal of his own opinions, and is fit to be his own grandfather. He had no love at all for the Patch connection—the patch on the family, as he called it—and the marriage of his step-mother with Captain Patch, and the Captain's patronizing air toward him—in a word, Miranda, he hated them all.

"However, when Hannah was in trouble once or twice, and without a roof to shelter her—before she got her present bit of cash—old Oglander had her down, and was very good, and tried to like her. He put his child under her care to learn 'theology,' as she called it, and he paid her well for teaching her the psalms and the other denunciations. They went away together to some very lonely place, while the Squire was a week or two away from home. And now it occurred to me that this experience might be repeated, and prolonged if needful. Oglander had been nervous, as I knew, and as his daughter also knew, about some form of black fever or something, which had been killing some gypsy people, and was likely to come into the villages. I made use of this fact, with Hannah Patch to help me, and quietly took my young heiress off to a snug little home in the thick of the woods, where I should be sorry to reside myself. She was under the holy wing of Miss Patch; and there she abides to this present day; and I feed them very well, I assure you. They cost me four pound ten a week; for the evangelical Hannah believes it to be the clearest 'mark of the beast' to eat meat less than twice a day; and Leviticus Cripps, who supplies all the victuals, is making a fortune out of me. No bigger rogue ever lived than that fellow. He is under my thumb so entirely that if I told him to roll in the mud he would roll. And yet with all his awe of me, he can not forbear from cheating me. He has found out a manner of dipping his pork so that he turns it into beef or mutton, according to the orders from the cottage; and he charges me butcher's price for it, and cartage for six miles and a half, and a penny a pound for trimming off the flanks!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Sharp, "it is impossible! He never could deceive a woman so, however devoted her mind might be. The grain of the meat is quite different, and the formation of the bones not at all alike; and directly it began to roast—"

"Well, never mind, Miranda, there they are, quite reconciled to the situation; except that Hannah Patch is always hankering after 'the means of grace,' and the young girl mooning about her sweet old parent and beloved Beckley. Sometimes there are very fine scenes between them; but, upon the whole, they get on well together, and appreciate one another's virtues. And I heartily trust that the merits of our Kit have made their impression on a sensitive young heart. They took to one another quite kindly in the romance of the situation, when I brought their sweet innocence into contact by a very simple stratagem. The dear young creatures have believed themselves to be outwitting every body—the very thing I labored for them both to do. All's well that ends well—don't you think, Miranda?"

"I am so entirely lost—I mean, I am so unable to think it all out, without more time being given me," Mrs. Sharp answered, while she passed her hand across her unwrinkled forehead, and into her generally consulted curl, "that really, Luke, for the moment I can only admire your audacity. But I think, dear, that in a matter of this kind—an especially feminine province, I may say—you might have done me the honor of consulting me."

"Miranda, it was not to be thought of. Your health and well-being are the dearest objects of my life. I will only ask, could you have borne the suspense and the worry and anxiety of the last four months; above all, the necessity for silence?"

"Yes, Luke, I could have been very silent; but I can not abide anxiety. You call me a dear fat soul sometimes, and your judgment is always correct, my dear. At the same time, I have little views of my own, and sensible ways of regarding things. You would like to hear my opinion, Luke, and to answer me one or two questions?"

"Certainly, Miranda; beyond all doubt. For what other purpose do I tell you all? Now let me have a nap for five minutes, my dear, while you ponder this subject, and arrange your questions."

He threw his smart handkerchief over his head, stretched out his feet, and took a nice little doze.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE POSITION.

"Among my relations," said Mrs. Sharp, reclining, for fear of asserting herself, as soon as her lord looked up again, "I have always been thought to possess a certain amount of stupid common-sense. Nothing of depth or grand stratagems, I mean, but a way of being right nearly nine times out of ten. And I think that this feeling is coming over me just now."

"My dear, if it is, do relieve yourself. Do not consider my ideas for a moment, but let me know what your own are."

"Luke, how you love to ridicule me! Well, if my opinion is of no account, I can only ask questions, as you tell me. In the first place, how did you get the girl away?"

"Most easily; under her father's orders. Hannah can write the old gentleman's hand to any extent, and his style as well. For the glory of the Lord she did so."

"And how did you bring her to do such shocking things? She must have had a strong idea that they were not honest."

"Far otherwise. She took an enthusiastic view of the matter from the very first. I made it quite clear to her how much there was at stake; and the hardest job for a long time was to prevent her from being too zealous. She scorns to take any thing for herself, unless it can be put religiously. And for a long time I was quite afraid that I could not get a metal band on her. But she found out, before it was quite too late, that the mission of the 'Brotherly-love-abounders,' upon the west coast of Africa, had had all their missionaries eaten up, and required a round sum to replace them. I promised her £5000 for that, when her own mission ends in glory."

"Then you are quite certain to have her tight. I might trust you for every precaution, Luke. But how have you managed to keep them so quiet, while the neighborhood was alive with it? And in what corner of the world have you got them? And who was the poor girl that really did die?"

"One question at a time, if you please, Miranda, though they all hang pretty much upon one hook. I have kept them so quiet, because they are in a corner of a world where no one goes—in a lonely cottage at the furthest extremity of the old Stow Wood, where their nearest road is a timber track three-quarters of a mile away. They are waited on by a deaf old woman, who believes them to be Americans, which accounts to her mind for any oddness. Their washing is done at home, and all their food is procured through Cripps, the swine-herd, whose forest farm lies well away, so that none of his children go to them. Cripps is indebted to me, and I hold a mortgage of every rod of his land, and a bill of sale of his furniture and stock. He dare not play traitor and claim the reward, or I should throw him into prison for forgery, upon a little transaction of some time back. Moreover, he has no motive; for I have promised him the same sum, and his bill of sale canceled, when the wedding is happily celebrated. Meanwhile he is making fine pickings out of me, and he caters at a profit of cent. per cent. There is nobody else who knows any thing about it, except a pair of gypsy fellows, too wide awake to come near the law for any amount of guineas. One of them is old Kershoe, the celebrated horse-stealer, whom I employed to drive and horse the needful vehicle from London. He knew where to get his horses, without any postmaster being the wiser, and his vehicle was a very tidy carriage, bought by the gypsies for a dwelling-place, and furbished up so that the chaises of the age are not to be compared with it. The inquiries made at all livery-stables, and posting-houses, and so on, by order of Overshute and the good Squire, and some of them through my own agency, have afforded me genial pleasure and some little share of profit."

"Really, my dear," said Mrs. Sharp, "you were scarcely right in charging for them. You should have remembered that you knew all about it."

"That was exactly what I did, my dear; and I felt how expensive that knowledge was. As a little set-off against the pig-master's bills, I made heavy entries against the good Squire. The fault is his own. He should not have driven me into costly proceedings by that lowest of all things, the arrogance of birth. Well, the other gypsy man is no other than Joe Smith, who jumped the broomstick with the lovely Princess Cinnaminta. You must have heard of her, Miranda. Half the ladies in Oxford were most bitterly jealous of her some years back."

"I am sure, then, that I never was, Mr. Sharp—a poor creature sitting under sacks, and doing juggling!"

"Nothing of the kind. You never saw her. She is a woman of superior mind and most refined appearance. Indeed, her eyes are such as never—"

"Oh, that is where you have been, Luke, is it, while we have been here for a fortnight, trembling—"

"Nonsense, Miranda; don't be so absurd. The poor thing has just lost her only child, and I believe she will go mad with it. It was her pretty sister, young Khebyra, who died of collapse, and was buried the same night. This case was most extraordinary. The fever struck her, without any illness, just as the plague and cholera have done, with a headlong, concentrated leap; as a thunder-storm gathers itself sometimes into one blue ball of lightning. She was laughing at ten o'clock, and her poor young jaw tied up at noon; and a great panic burst among them."

"Luke," exclaimed Mrs. Sharp, strongly shuddering, "you never mean to say that you came home to me, from being among such people, without a change of clothes, or any thing!"

"How could I come home without any thing, my dear? But I was not 'among them' at all that day, nor at any other period. I never go to work in that coarse sort of way. Familiarity begets contempt. However, I was soon informed of this most sad occurrence; and for a while it quite upset me, coming as it did at such a very busy time. However, when I had time to dwell more calmly on the subject, I began to see a chance of turning this keen blow to my benefit.

"The gypsy camp was broken up with fatalistic terror—the most abject of all terrors; as the courage of the fatalist is the fiercest of all courage. They carried off their Royal stock, the heiress of the gypsy throne—as soon as some fine thief is hanged—quite as the bees are said to carry off their queen when a hornet comes. Poor Cinnaminta was caught away just when I might have made her useful; and only two men were left to attend to the burial of her sister. Of these my friend Joseph Smith was one; as he ought to be, being Cinnaminta's spouse.

"It was a very active time for me, I assure you, Miranda dear. The complication was almost too much to be settled in so short a time. And some of my hair, which had been quite strong, was lying quite flat in the morning. Perhaps you remember telling me."

"Yes, that I do, Luke. I could not make it out. Your hair had always stood so well; and a far better color than the young men have got. And you told me that it was gone like that from taking Cockle's Antibilious Pills."

"Miranda, I have never deceived you. I did take a couple, and they helped me on. But, without attributing too much to them, I did make a lucky turn of it. Their manner of sepulture is brief and wise; or, at any rate, that of this tribe is; though they differ, I believe, very widely. These wait till they are sure that the sun has set, and then they begin to excavate. I was able to suggest that in this great hurry and scattering of the tribes of Israel, the wisest plan would be to adopt and adapt a very quiet corner already hallowed, and indicated by name (which is so much more abiding than substance), as a legendary gypsy Aceldama. The idea was caught at, as it well deserved to be, in the panic and lack of time, and terror of the poor dead body. The poor thing was buried there with very hasty movements, her sister and the rest being hurried away; and it is quite remarkable how this (the merest episode) has, by the turn of events, assumed a primary importance.

"Foresight, and insight, and second-sight almost, would be attributed to me by any one who did not know the facts. Scarcely any body would believe, as this thing worked in my favor so much, that I can scarcely claim the invention, any more than I can take any credit for the weather. Indeed, I may say, without the smallest presumption or profanity, that something higher than mere fortune has favored my plans from the very first. I had provided for at least one whole day's start before any alarm should be given; but the weather secured me, I may say, six weeks, before any thing could be done in earnest. And then the discovery of that body, by a girl who was frightened into fits almost, and its tardy disinterment, and the universal conclusion about it, which I perhaps helped in some measure to shape, also the illness with which it pleased Providence to visit Messrs. Oglander and Overshute—I really feel that I have the deepest cause to be grateful, and I trust that I am so."

"Certainly, my dear, your cause is just," said Mrs. Sharp, as her husband showed some symptoms of dropping off to sleep again; "but in carrying it out you have inflicted pain and sad, sad anxiety on a poor old man. Can he ever forgive you, or make it up?"

"I should hope for his own sake," replied the lawyer, "that he will cast away narrow-mindedness; otherwise we shall not permit him to rush into the embraces of his daughter. But if he proves relentless, it matters little, except for the opinion of the world. He can not touch 'Port-wine's' property at all; and he may do what he likes with his own little wealth. His outside value is some £40,000. However, if I understand him aright, we shall manage to secure his money too, tied up, I dare say; but what matters that? He is a most fond papa, and his joy will soon wash away all evil thoughts."

"How delightful it will be," cried the lady, with a sigh, "to restore his long-lost child to him! Still, it will be a most delicate task. You must leave all that to me, Luke."

"With pleasure, my dear Miranda; your kind heart quite adapts you for such a melting scene. And, indeed, I would rather be out of the way. But I want your help for more than that."

"You shall have it, Luke, with all my heart and soul. It is too late now to draw back; though, if you had asked my advice, I would have tried to stop you. But just one question more—how did you get rid of John Smith and his inquiries? They say that he is such a very shrewd man."

"Do you not know, will nobody ever know, the difference between small, uneducated cunning and the clear intelligence of a practiced mind? To suppose that John Smith would ever give me any trouble! He has been most useful. I directed his inquiries, and exhausted the inquisitive spirit through him."

"But you did not let him know—"

"Miranda, now, I shall go to bed, if I am so very fast asleep. Can no woman ever dream of large utility? I have had no better friend throughout this long anxiety than John Smith. And without the expenditure of one farthing I have guided him into the course that he should take. When he hears of any thing, the first thing he asks is, 'Now what would lawyer Sharp be inclined to think of this?' Perhaps I have taken more trouble than was needful. But, at any rate, it would be disgraceful indeed if John Smith could cause me uneasiness. The only man I have ever had the smallest fear of has been Russel Overshute. Not that the young fellow is at all acute, but that he can not be by any means imbued with the proper respect for my character."

"How very shocking of him, my dear Luke, when your character has been so many years established!"

"Miranda, it is indeed shocking; but what can be expected of a radical? Ever since that villainous Reform Bill passed, the spirit of true reverence is destroyed. But he must have some respect for me, as soon as he knows all. Although, to confess the pure truth, my dear, things have worked in my favor so, that I scarcely deserve any credit at all, except for the original conception. That, however, was a brave one."

"It was, indeed; and I am scarcely brave enough to be comfortable. There is never any knowing how the world may take things. It is true that old Fermitage was not your client, and you had been very badly treated, and had a right to make the most of any knowledge obtained by accident. But old Mr. Oglander is your client, and has trusted you even in the present matter. I do not think that my father would have considered it fair to behave so."

Mrs. Luke Sharp was alarmed at her own boldness in making such a speech as this. She dropped her eyes under her husband's gaze; but he took her remarks quite calmly.

"My dear, we will talk of that another time. The fact that I do a thing—after all my experience—should prove it to be not unprofessional. At the present moment, I want to go to bed; and if you are anxious to begin hair-splitting, bed is my immediate refuge. But if you wish to know about the future of your son, you must listen, and not try to reason."

"I did not mean to vex you, Luke. I might have been certain that you knew best. And you always have so many things behind, that Solomon himself could never judge you. Tell me all about my darling Kit, and I will not even dare to cough or breathe."

"My dear, it would grieve me to hear you cough, and break my heart if you did not breathe. But I fear that your Kit is unworthy of your sighs. He has lost his young heart beyond redemption, without having the manners to tell his mother."

"They all do it, Luke; of course they do. It is no good to find fault with them. I have been expecting that sort of thing so long. And when he went to Spiers for the melanochaitotrophe, with the yellow stopper to it, I knew as well as possible what he was about. I knew that his precious young heart must be gone; for it cost him seven and sixpence."

"Yes, my dear; and it went the right way, in the very line I had laid for it. I will tell you another time how I managed that, with Hannah Patch, of course, to help me. The poor boy was conquered at first sight; for the weather was cold, with snow still in the ditches, and I gave him sixpennyworth of brandy-balls. So Kit went shooting, and got shot, according to my arrangement. Ever since that the great job has been to temper and guide his rampant energies."

"And of course he knows nothing—oh no, he would be so very unworthy if he did! Oh, do say that he knows nothing, Luke!"

"My dear, I can give you that pleasing assurance, although it is a puzzling one to me. Christopher Fermitage Sharp knows not Grace Oglander from the young woman in the moon. He believes her to have sailed for a new and better world. Undoubtedly he is my son, Miranda; yet where did he get his thick-headedness?"

"Mr. Sharp!"

"Miranda, make allowance for me. Such things are truly puzzling. However, you perceive the situation. Here is a very fine young fellow—in his mother's opinion and his own—desperately smitten with a girl unknown, and romantically situated in a wood. There is reason to believe that this young lady is not insensible to his merits; he looks very nice in his sporting costume, he has no one to compete with him, he is her only bit of life for the day, he leaves her now and then a romantic rabbit, and he rescues her from a ruffian. But here the true difficulty begins. We can not well unite them in the holy bonds without a clear knowledge on the part of either of the true patronymic of the other. The heroine knows that the hero rejoices in the good and useful name of 'Sharp;' but he knows not that his lady-love is one Grace Oglander, of Beckley Barton.

"Here, again, you perceive a fine stroke of justice. If Squire Oglander had only extended his hospitalities to us, Christopher must have known Grace quite well, and I could not have brought them together so. At present he believes her to be a Miss Holland, from the United States of America; and as she has promised Miss Patch not to speak of her own affairs to any body (according to her father's wish, in one of the Demerara letters), that idea of his might still continue; although she has begun to ask him questions, which are not at all convenient. But things must be brought to a point as soon as possible. Having the advantage of directing the inquiries, or at any rate being consulted about them, I see no great element of danger yet; and of course I launched all the first expeditions in every direction but the right one. That setting up of the tombstone by poor old Joan was a very heavy blow to the inquisitive."

"But, my dear, that did not make the poor girl dead a bit more than she was dead before."

"Miranda, you do not understand the world. The evidence of a tombstone is the strongest there can be, and beats that of fifty living witnesses. I won a most difficult case for our firm when I was an ardent youth, and the victory enabled me to aspire to your hand, by taking a mallet and a chisel and a little nitric acid, and converting a 'Francis,' by moonlight, into a 'Frances.' I kept the matter to myself, of course; for your good father was a squeamish hand. But you have heard me speak of it."

"Yes, and I thought it so wrong, my dear, even though, as you said, truth required it."

"Truth did require it. The old stone-mason had not known how to spell the word. I corrected his heterography; and we confounded the tricks of the evil ones. All is fair in love and law, so long as violence is done to neither. And now I wish Kit's unsophisticated mind to be led to the perception of that great truth. It is needful for him to be delicately admitted to a knowledge of my intentions. There is nobody who can do this as you can. He takes rather clumsy and obstinate views of things he is too young to understand. The main point of all, with a mind like his, is to dwell upon the justice of our case and the depth of our affection, which has led to such a sacrifice of the common conventional view of things."

"My dear, but I have had nothing to do with it. Conception, plan, and execution are all your own, and no other person's. Why, I had not even dreamed—"

"Still, you must put it to him, Miranda, as if it was your doing more than mine. He has more faith in your—well, what shall I call it? I would not for a moment wrong him by supposing that he doubts his own father's integrity—in your practical judgment, let us say, and perception of the nicest principles. It is absolutely necessary that you should appear to have acted throughout in close unison with me. In fact, it would be better to let the boy perceive that the whole idea from the very first was yours; as in simple fact it must have been, if circumstances had permitted me to tell you all that I desired. To any idea of yours he takes more kindly perhaps than to those which are mine. This is not quite correct, some would say; but I am above jealousy. I always desire that he should love his mother, and make a pattern of her. His poor father gets knocked about here and there, and can not halt to keep himself rigidly upright, though it always is his ambition. But women are so different, and so much better. Even Kit perceives that truth. Let him know, my darling, that your peace of mind is entirely staked upon his following out the plan which you mean to propose to him."

"But, my dear Luke, I have not the least notion of any plan of any sort."

"Never mind, Miranda; make him promise. I will tell you all about it afterward. It is better not to let him know too much. Knowledge should come in small doses always, otherwise it puffs up young people. Alas! now I feel that I am not as I was! Twenty years ago I could have sat up all night talking, and not shown a sign of it next day. I have not had any sleep for the last twelve nights. Do you see any rays in my eyes, dear wife? They are sure indications of heart-disease. When I am tired they always come."

"Oh, Luke, Luke, you will break my heart. You shall not say another word. Have some more negus—I insist upon it. It is no good to put your hand over the glass—and then come to bed immediately. You are working too hard for your family, my pet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The actual existence of mature salmon at the antipodes, from the eggs transported thither, is not fully proved, although Mr. Youl is of the opinion that the evidence is clear as to the success in New Zealand, as he publishes in the London *Field* a paragraph from an Otago daily paper stating that a large salmon had been taken in one of the northern streams, its eyes having been picked out by a sea-gull. This was captured by parties familiar with the Scottish salmon, and who felt sure of its character. The fish weighed about forty pounds.

Mr. Youl also publishes a letter received by the Acclimatization Society of Otago, which had accompanying it a photograph of a salmon-trout taken in Otago Harbor, weighing ten pounds eight ounces, and measuring twenty-six inches in length. It is an interesting fact in this connection that in 1870 there were one hundred and forty eggs of salmon-trout brought from Tasmania, from which one hundred young fish were liberated in the beginning of 1871, from a stream about thirty miles north of Dunedin. Within the last eighteen months upward of a dozen sea-trout, weighing from two to five pounds, have been taken, in addition to the first referred to, so that we have here at least fourteen fish out of one hundred already captured, with a strong probability that a good many more escaped the perils of infancy and attained maturity. This percentage of fourteen in a hundred is much larger than fish-culturists have dared to claim as the result of their efforts, and if it be any thing like an average, it furnishes a great encouragement to the efforts now in progress in America and elsewhere to introduce and multiply useful food fishes.

The death is announced of Lieutenant-Colonel A. Strange, for several years astronomical assistant in the great trigonometrical survey of India. He died in London on the 9th of March, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

A valuable paper on the construction, management, and utility of aquaria, by Mr. W. Saville Kent, has been published in the Journal of the Society of Arts, in which the latest views in reference to the best mode of managing the water are brought forth. Here, as in previous communications, Mr. Kent insists upon the propriety of using the same water over and over again, especially for fresh-water tanks, urging that the perfection of the water by the deposit of all its sedimentary particles, and its more thorough combination with air and its oxygen, is better effected than by supplying a continued stream of freshly pumped sea-water or fresh-water from springs.

Gerbe, who has given considerable attention to such subjects, informs us that oysters are capable of reproduction during their first year of growth, much before they have attained a marketable size. He has even seen oysters of less than an inch in diameter with the sexual conditions mature. It would therefore appear that the multiplication of this important bivalve does not require the presence, in a park, of full-grown oysters, since those of a much smaller size have been proved to answer the purpose.

Mr. Le Bon says if blood be evaporated under diminished pressure at the temperature of the body, in a certain apparatus, it will be obtained as a powder soluble in water or in an acid solution of pepsin, and showing the characteristic absorption-bands of hæmoglobin, which constitutes eighty-six per cent. of the corpuscles. This method is suggested by the author for the utilization of blood for food or for other purposes.

Among recent deaths we may mention that of Professor Jules de Mohl, Professor of Persian in the College of France, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

The London journals report the arrival of the *Challenger* at Montevideo on the 15th of February, and her intention of sailing on the 23d for Ascension and St. Vincent. She was expected to reach England about the end of May.

The report of the progress of the geological survey of Alabama for the year 1875, under Dr. Eugene A. Smith, has lately made its appearance, and is occupied by a general account of the geological formations in Alabama, an account of the coal-fields of the State and of the geological position of the coal, and a notice of the copper region. There is also an article on the cotton worm by A. R. Grote. In an appendix are included some statistics of the principal industries of the State, railroads, surveys, etc.

Mr. Octavius Stone, one of the explorers of Baxter River, has been continuing his labors from Port Moresby to the east of the Papuan Gulf. Starting from the village of Anapata, he first examined the river Laroki, and then made a journey inland toward the base of Mount Owen Stanley. The low country of the coast proved to be rather bare, almost barren, grass land, bananas and cocoa-nuts being very difficult to obtain; and it is only when the interior mountains rise and intercept the rain-fall that tropical forest vegetation begins to clothe the heights luxuriantly.

A bill has been introduced into the United States Senate setting aside Mount Hamilton, in Santa Clara County, California, as the site for the observatory which Mr. James Lick proposes to equip and endow as the astronomical department of the University of California. This is coupled with the proviso that if the land should be used for any other purpose than as the site of an observatory and the necessary purposes connected therewith, the same shall revert to the United States.

The death of the widow of the late Hugh Miller, at the age of sixty-four, was announced in the last number of *Nature.*

According to Dr. M'Adam, the best process for obtaining crystalline surfaces on tinned iron and other metallic plates is the employment of an acid mixture containing three parts of hydrochloric and one part of nitric acid, diluted with an equal bulk of water. Tin plates require an immersion of not more than a quarter of a minute, washing thoroughly afterward with water. If large crystals are required, the plates must be slowly cooled, but quickly when small ones are preferred.

The death of Dr. Letheby, of London, in the beginning of April, at the age of sixty, is announced. This gentleman was a well-known analyst, and for many years medical officer of health in the city of London.

The first report of the Iowa Fish Commissioners, for the years 1874 and 1875, has been recently published, and gives an account of their organization for the purpose of better carrying out the trusts confided to them.

Among the first business transacted by them was the establishment of a hatching house near Anamosa, under the direction of B. F. Shaw. In this much work has already been done in the way of hatching out spawn of California salmon and other useful fishes. The total amount of spawn handled and of fish distributed by the State, consisting of California salmon, Penobscot salmon, etc., was nearly two millions, of which a good account, it is hoped, will be received in future years.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A half century of unbroken wedded life is always an event rare enough to excite remark in the locality where the parties reside. This year "golden weddings," as well as those which are denominated "pearl," "diamond," or "crimson" weddings, are attracting a more general interest. The nearer any thing or any body approaches centennial age, the more fashionable and popular is it in this year of Centennial-isms. A Massachusetts newspaper gives a list of "golden weddings" which were celebrated in New England in 1875—whether a complete list or not we can not say, but it probably includes the majority. The number, counting those New England couples whose celebration really occurred elsewhere, was 116. Of these, forty-nine were in Massachusetts. Mention is also made of eight Massachusetts couples who celebrated a wedding anniversary beyond the fiftieth year. In one instance it was the sixty-sixth, in another the seventieth, and in several cases the sixtieth anniversary. But the most extreme example of the durability of wedded life which we have seen reported occurs out of New England—that of a couple, aged 113 and 114 years, who are said to be still living in Montgomery County, Illinois. They were married eighty-five years ago. If their wedding anniversary were celebrated appropriately, we know not what new name would sufficiently designate the rare event.

Quite a large sum has already been contributed by friends of Girton College, England, for the erection of the contemplated buildings. At present, rooms are provided for only twenty-one students, and it has been necessary to resort to various temporary contrivances to accommodate the number in actual attendance. The remarkable success which has attended the first years of this college for women indicates a great change of feeling in the English public in regard to the higher education of girls. It will be remembered that the aim of Girton College is to provide for "women who desire to pursue their studies after leaving school the same opportunities as are offered to men by the University of Cambridge."

More rigid regulations are necessary to prevent the spread of contagious diseases at schools. It has been suggested that the rule should be strictly enforced that no child shall attend school who has any contagious disease, or who comes from a house in which such disease exists. At present schools are efficient agents in the spread of disease.

We commend the following clipping to every body: "Many persons have brought on serious sickness by holding on to the knob of the front-door while standing in a draught and speaking 'last words' to visitors."

Several Chinese villages have been almost depopulated by a disastrous epidemic which has broken out near Sootcheoo. The disease is not understood. Death is almost immediate.

Recent legislation in Massachusetts has introduced new regulations for protecting young children from overwork or neglect in factories and workshops. A law which went into operation last March forbids, under a penalty of from twenty to fifty dollars, the employment in any manufacturing, mechanical, or mercantile establishment of children under ten years of age at all, and of children under fourteen, unless during the preceding year the child has attended school at least ten consecutive weeks. A good law.

A firm of Baltimore bell-founders intend to place in the northeast tower of Machinery Hall a chime of thirteen bells. These bells are fashioned to represent the original thirteen States; the largest weighs 3600 pounds, and the smallest 350 pounds, and the thirteen together 21,000 pounds. The tower is seventy-eight feet from the ground. The chimes will be rung daily at sunrise, noon, and sunset as long as the Exhibition is open.

It is laconically stated that at the Centennial "Norway gives prominence to a display of cod-liver oil."

A club of wealthy gentlemen in New York, who have for some time been organizing plans for introducing the driving of English coaches as an out-of-door amusement, lately united in an exhibitory trip, which attracted much attention. Seven coaches, each driving four-in-hand, composed the cavalcade. The start was from Madison Square, and was witnessed by immense crowds of sight-seers. On each coach were seated, besides the proprietor, driving, several guests and two grooms. The route lay up Fifth Avenue and through Central Park, and the ride was highly enjoyed. One of the more enthusiastic and benevolent members of the club announces that his coach will make a daily trip from Hotel Brunswick, to give a pleasure drive, in the English style, to ladies and gentlemen who may wish to bespeak tickets.

The jetty works constructed for the government at the mouth of the Mississippi by Captain Eads are, in brief, parallel walls 1000 feet apart, made of willow mattress-work, ballasted with stone. Control of the river discharge has been gained for nearly two miles from the land's end. The first merchant vessel passed over the bar through the jetty early in March, laden with cotton. The channel will soon be deep enough for the largest ships.

"State Avenue" is the name applied to that division of the Centennial grounds where each State is erecting a building as "head-quarters" for its own use. Foreign nations have also their separate head-quarters.

One of the trifles that have arrived at the Centennial grounds is an aerolite weighing about five tons, which was discovered by Professor Nordenskjöld, of Norway, while on a scientific expedition to the arctic regions.

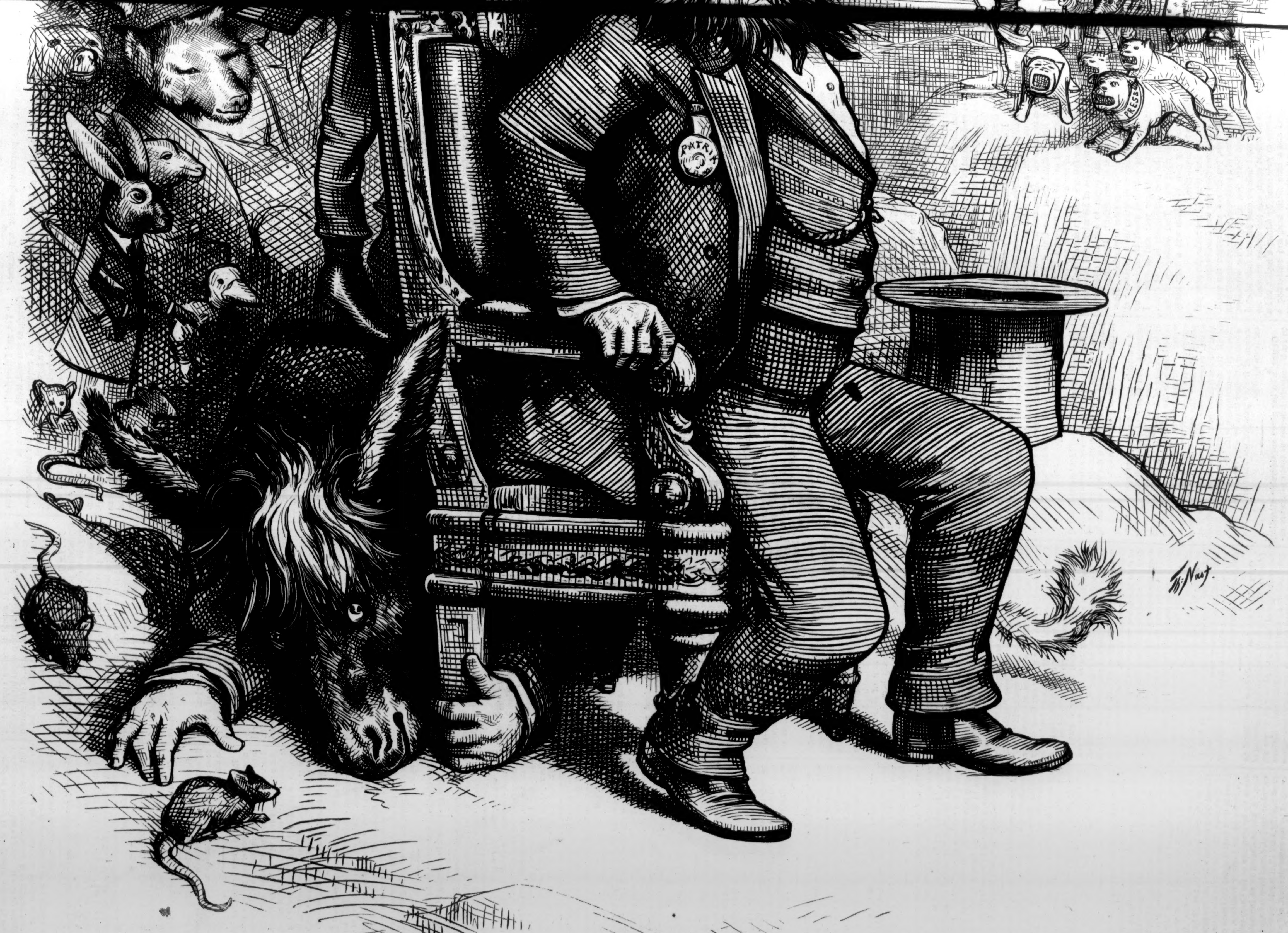
It is doubtful whether a full crop of cotton can be raised in some of the Southern States this year, in consequence of the excessive spring freshets. In many sections the lowlands adjacent to river shores have been flooded for weeks, the water being higher in some places than it has been for many years.

Twenty-seven thousand seven hundred shade trees are now growing in the streets of Washington, nineteen thousand of which have been planted within the last three years.

We read in a Boston paper that another venerable and venerated tree has been cut down and carried away. It stood on Brattle Street, in Cambridge, and was the identical "spreading chestnut-tree" under which the "village smithy" stood. "The smith, a mighty man was he," but the Boston paper does not seem to know what became of him. Among other souvenirs, a chair is to be made of the old tree as a present to Longfellow, who immortalized it.

A paper company at Holyoke, Massachusetts, has manufactured a mammoth ream of paper for the Centennial. The sheets are six by eighteen feet, and the whole ream weighs about one ton. The value of the 480 sheets is $1500, and it will cost about $150 to get it to Philadelphia. Some idea of its immense extent may be given by the fact that if cut into the ordinary sizes of note-paper, it would make 500,000 sheets, and these sheets, placed end to end, would extend fifty miles.

Very many persons will regret to learn of the burning of the buildings upon the Methodist camp-meeting grounds at Tarentum, Pennsylvania. At this place, which is near Pittsburg, the denomination have for many years been accustomed to hold an annual camp-meeting. The grounds appropriated to this purpose embrace upward of fourteen acres, being a level plateau, with ravines on the east, west, and north sides, the entrance being on the south side. The camp was one of the most beautiful that could be imagined, the plateau being covered with immense forest trees, some of which were fully two feet in diameter. Upon these grounds were erected about 150 frame cottages, fitted and furnished for summer residence, and nearly all taken up by members of the Camp-meeting Association. A fire, attributed to an incendiary, which occurred on April 21, spread from cottage to cottage with great rapidity, until all, it is said, were burned, a house occupied by the superintendent, and a "camp hotel," being the only buildings saved. It is feared that the disaster will materially interfere with the camp-meeting intended to be held there this summer.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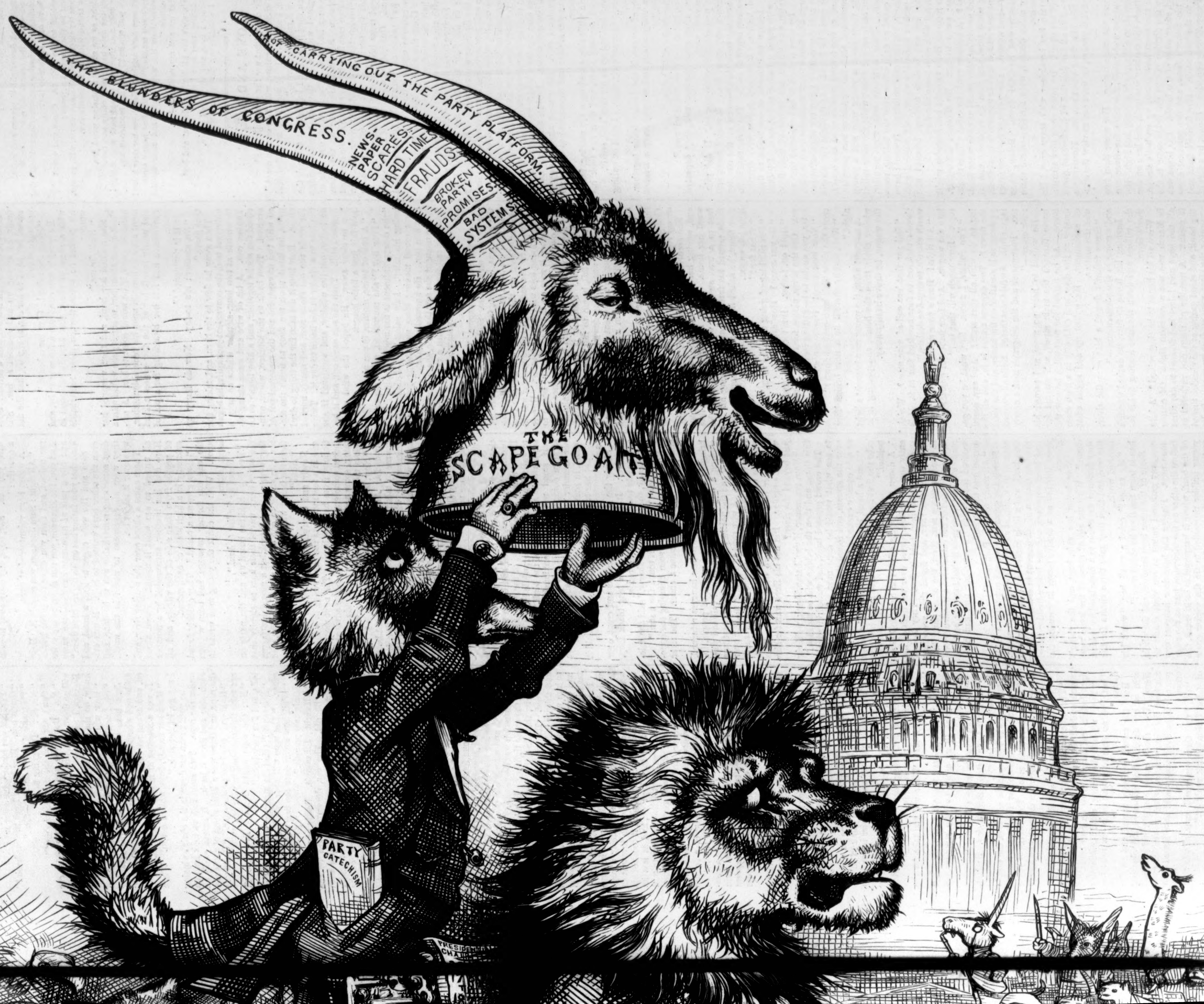
THE CROWNING INSULT TO HIM WHO OCCUPIES THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.


THE BLUNDERS OF CONGRESS.
NEWS-PAPER SCARES.
HARD TIMES.
FRAUDS.
BROKEN PARTY PROMISES.
BAD SYSTEMS.
NOT CARRYING OUT THE PARTY PLATFORM.
THE SCAPEGOAT
PARTY CATECHISM
PRESIDEN
CHA

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

I MARRIED a woman of sweetness and truth,
And beauty without any flaw;
But over my head hung, like Damocles' sword,
That horror, a mother-in-law!

So upright and downright in person and looks,
She embodied the dismal old saw
Of a scolding and pushing and worrying and bothering
Old bore of a mother-in-law.

She decided to live with us. Chaos and wreck
Would be the result, I foresaw;
So I gave my cigars and my meerschaum, with groans,
To a friend with no mother-in-law.

One night, as we sat by a blazing wood fire,
When the days had grown chilly and raw,
"How cozy and nice you would look with a pipe!
Don't you smoke?" said my mother-in-law.

Did my ears hear aright? Yes, bless her dear heart!
"Don't you smoke?" was the first happy straw
To "show how the wind blew," and clear up the clouds
'Twixt me and my mother-in-law.

And, oh, she's the kindest and dearest and best
Old darling that ever I saw!
My mother I love, and my wife I adore,
But I worship my mother-in-law!

LOVE AND A KITE.

"MY dear, what are the probabilities?"

"Rising temperature, with rain on the coast."

"Oh, I am sorry! It would be truly dreadful to have it rain to-morrow."

Then they paused and looked out through the half-ruined window of the old wooden bridge where they had met. She lived on one side of the stream. He made his home on the other. They often met here in the centre of the dim and dusky bridge that spanned the river that ran through the town. It was one of those huge timbered truss bridges once so common in New England. Outside, its ancient roof and boarded sides had taken on that sober slate-color that marks extreme age. Within, it was dusty and dark. Upon the walls flakes of whitewash fluttered half detached, and festoons of cobweb mingled with abandoned nests left by departed swallows. Strange lights danced on the ceiling, where a hole in the floor admitted the reflected light from the flashing waters below. Every footfall on the soft powdery dust that covered every thing echoed noisily, while the air seemed ever full of the monotonous murmur of the river. Just beyond, further down the stream, stood another bridge used by the railway trains and foot-passengers, so that the town bridge was deserted by all save those with teams. Besides this, it was hardly considered safe. Its trusses already sagged down in the middle and threatened to drop into the water.

For a while they gazed upon the roaring, foaming flood beneath them, and then she took his arm, and looking up in his face, said, softly,

"You will come early, dear. I shall be waiting for you."

"Oh, of course, if the bridge holds together. It is a crazy affair, and we may have a freshet to-night."

"There's the other bridge."

"Yes, but if one goes, the other may."

Then, after some further talk, they departed their several ways.

The probabilities were correct. It did rain. It rained a very great deal. It rained more and more, and the snow that covered all the country round about began to melt. The river rose higher and higher. It turned yellow with drifting sand. Lumps and sheets of ice began to float down, with much grinding and uproar. By dark the water was within ten inches of high flood mark. By nine o'clock it was reported that an ice gorge had formed just above the town bridge.

The next day neither scrap nor stick of either bridge could be found. At daylight the people gathered in two forlorn crowds upon the banks, and remarked that the situation was peculiar. Among them stood a young man and a young woman, each on one shore, while the river rolled between. Their situation was very peculiar. They gazed at each other over the boiling, roaring chasm, but they said nothing. It would have been useless while the water, half covered with floating ice and broken timbers, boomed and thundered with such noise and fury.

The modern Hero thought her Leander might at least swim to her. He thought differently. A boat? A balloon would be safer. Thus thinking and mourning, they gazed at each other fondly for some time, and then by apparent mutual consent they retired to their respective breakfasts, to eat—and mourn. Every bridge for fifty miles up stream was reported down. Below, some twenty miles distant, were ferries—where there was no ice.

She ate her breakfast with teary eyes. He couldn't eat at all. He must cross that stream. How? Not all the delights of buckwheat cakes could win him from the thought. Thrusting a roll into his pocket, he went out to view the situation.

It was not encouraging. For more than two miles above and below the town the river ran between steep cliffs nearly seventy feet high. Behind these the country was level, and here on the banks the town had grown up on both shores. Above the divided village the fields came to the ragged, stony edge of the bluffs. His home was upon his father's farm, and the paternal acres came to the water-side. Her father's farm and fields were directly opposite. Hither, by a sort of mutual instinct, they both went.

The snow had disappeared, and the ground was hard and frozen. The rain had ceased, and it looked as if it might clear away. They met on opposite sides of the river, and gazed fondly at each other after the manner of people in a certain peculiar frame of mind. She said in her heart, "Thou art so near, and yet so far." He said in his heart that if he couldn't get over that three hundred feet of roaring water, he was a poor kind of a creature, and "not much of a man anyway."

He sat down on a big stone to think. She also sat down, choosing a rail fence for a throne. Suddenly he sprang up and shouted at her. She raised her hand to her ear, to signify that she did not understand.

"Hang the thing! Give me a board."

He quickly tore one from a fence near by, and with a piece of chalk that happily he found in his pocket he wrote thereon these remarkable words:

"*Wait for me.*"

She nodded her head, and then wrapped her cloak closer about her, to signify she would wait a hundred years, if he would come to her. A moment after he burst in upon his venerable mother, and nearly bereft her of the few senses a kind Providence had left her by asking for a pot of paste.

"It is postponed?"

"No, mother; it's to-day. Now do hurry up that paste."

Then away he flew to the barn, and, taking the universal tool, the convenient jackknife, he began to whittle at two long, slender sticks as only a Yankee can. A bit of wire and some string secured the sticks together, and a kite began to be evolved. Then back to the kitchen, where, armed with two newspapers and the maternal pot of paste, he knelt upon the floor to finish the machine. How long it did take for the thing to dry! He made the old stove roar, and nearly burned the kite to a cinder in his haste to dry it. Twice he looked out the window, and wondered if she lingered still. Then the sun came out, and it began to clear away. He hoped the wind would hold fair just a little longer.

"A ball of twine, mother, if you please."

"Poor boy!" she murmured, as he departed; "the disappointment is too much for him. He's losing his mind. Law sakes! his father never went round making kites and things just for a chit like her. He knowed too much."

The moment she saw that kite, she sprang down from her rail-fence throne with a cry of delight.

"What a boy! He is coming; he is coming to me."

How, she couldn't imagine. Of course he would not fly over on the kite. Still, he would come, and the kite was, in some fashion, to be the bridge. He waved his hand to her, and then, having written something on the back of the kite, he proceeded to fly the same. No children ever watched their flying toys with greater interest. Higher and higher it rose on the air. Now he began to "pay out" the line. It hung high over her head, and she clapped her hands and laughed in almost childish pleasure. Suddenly it ducked its head, and, turning tail, began to fall in unseemly flutterings. It was coming down! She ran eagerly to catch it, and in a moment she had it fast, and the slender string hung in a great loop over the river.

"Was there ever such a boy? Ah! what's this? Writing! '*Fasten the string to the bank. Call your brother, and bring a crow-bar and some strong rope.*'"

She secured the precious string to a big stone, and, waving her hat to him, she turned away toward her home. He, on his side, made the line fast to a tree, and then went hastily over the fields toward his father's barn. Finding his father there, he asked him to put the horse in the light job wagon.

"What for?"

"I'm thinking of going over the river."

"Be you crazy? How can—"

"Hold on, father. Don't call me insane just yet. Get the horse, please, for I'm in haste. Besides, you ought to be getting ready."

"Now look here! How's me and mother to cross the river with both bridges down?"

"Well, mebby there'll be a new bridge 'fore night."

A moment after, the young man brought a light wicker chair from the house, and placing it in the wagon, he drove hastily away.

"Sell yer that 'ere coil of wire rope? Wa'al, there's nigh on to four hundred feet in it. It's worth more'n twenty-five dollars."

"All right! Here's your money. Lift it right into the wagon. And four hanks of quarter-inch rope. How much will that be?"

"Two dollars, I guess. Say, what be you going to do with all that stuff? And say, heard the news? The express trains is in, and all the passengers is a-waitin' on the banks, and the hotel is jam-full. Awful times these! Mails all stopped too. Postmaster and the telegraph man's nearly took crazy—"

He waited to hear no more, and turned his horse through the main street, and started for home. As he passed the post-office he saw the master at the door, and evidently in a high state of excitement. He pulled up and asked what was the matter.

"Some fellow's flowed a kite over the river, and's going to sling letters and—"

Lashing his horse to fury, he dashed through the village and down the lane leading to his father's farm.

Were all his hopes to be thus ruined? A kite in March was not a common sight. Of course all the boys and idlers had flocked to see what it meant. A number of them had gathered at the bank, and stood gazing at the slender thread spanning the river, with evident interest. As he drove up he saw a young man stoop as if to cut the line. In despair he cried out:

"Here, stranger! Let that line alone."

The man turned to see who spoke, but kept hold of the string.

"That is my line, and I'll thank you to leave it alone."

"I shall not hurt it. I was only looking to see if I couldn't use it to pull a wire over the river. I'm the telegraph operator, and all my wires went down with the bridge."

"Well, you just hold on a bit. Let me attend to my affairs, and then you may put over all the wires you like. Say, boys, any body want to earn a quarter?"

A dozen boys volunteered at once.

"All right: Sam Jackson, you may do it. Help me unload, and then you drive the horse home. And you, Ike Shawson, you run down to the store and buy a pair of barn-door hangers—the same kind that your father has on his big red barn door."

Sam and Ike were eager to lend a hand, and even the other boys wanted to help. It was evident something remarkable was to be done, and they were all eagerness to assist in the work, whatever it might be.

There came a shout over the roaring river, and all turned to see what it meant. There stood Hero and her brother, surrounded by a number of people from their side of the village, and all evidently in a high state of excitement.

"Boys, give me a board." They quickly found the one the former message had been written upon. With the chalk the young man wrote in large letters,

"*Stand by the line to haul.*"

Two boys held the board up, and the party on the other bank waved their hats to signify that they were ready. It took but a moment to fasten the kite string to one of the pieces of rope, and then the board was displayed again:

"*Haul.*"

Slowly and carefully they pulled on the line, and in a few moments the rope swang in a gigantic loop from bank to bank. The next move required some engineering skill. Some advised one thing, some another, and in a multitude of counselors the business seemed in a fair way to stop.

"Now, look here! Whose farm is this? Yes, my dad's. All right. The next fellow that bothers me by talking must leave the place. Say, Mr. Telegrapher, what's the best way to unroll this cable without getting it into a kink?"

The operator suggested a stick put through the middle of the coil and held by a boy or man on each side. Then unroll it while they hold it up.

Presently all was ready, and the board was displayed once more:

"*Haul slowly.*"

A brief note was written on an envelope and tied to the rope, and then the great enterprise began. The rope tightened and began to strain. Half a dozen men had hold of the end and began to walk away from the river, while Hero's brother supported it at the edge of the bluff. Hero herself stood near, gazing anxiously at all these strange doings. She could not understand how her Leander was to cross, but she felt sure he would, in some fashion.

"Let her turn easy. Easy, now. Don't hold it back."

Slowly the wire rope unrolled and crept over the river. It hung down in a long black loop, and nearly touched the river below.

"Steady, there! pay out slowly," said the telegraph man. "Don't let it touch the water."

Now the end could be seen climbing the opposite bank. Then there came a cheer. The river was bridged.

The boy with the barn-door hangers returned, bringing with him a large crowd of people, including a number of the detained railroad passengers and the postmaster. The excitement was tremendous. A wire rope swinging in mid-air over the river evidently meant something, and there was the utmost eagerness displayed in the work.

Leander became the hero of the hour. This was not singular. Did not his Hero wait for him just beyond the river?

"Now, gentlemen, if you'll stand back, we'll rig this thing, and then the bridge will be finished."

The crowd pressed back, and waited in silence to see what would be done next. They looked over the stream, and found the party on the other side equally excited and busy.

"Lend a hand, boys. We must take the cable over the first limb of that tree and make her fast behind."

A dozen stout hands offered to help, and presently the cable was passed over the limb of the tree, while two men held it fast. They looked again over the river, and found that, according to the directions sent them, the other party had taken their end of the cable over a wooden tripod made of three fence rails lashed together, and had secured the end to the crow-bar that had been driven into the ground.

"All ready there! Pull, now!"

Slowly the great loop spread out till the cable seemed to be almost straight from shore to shore. One bank was a little higher than the other, and the line made a slight descent in crossing. This had been expected, and the bridge-builder relied upon this fall as a motive power in crossing the stream.

"Now fasten her safe, boys, and the thing's done." With the aid of some of the loose rope they fastened the cable to a huge bowlder behind the tree, and then they gave three cheers for the finished work.

"My sakes!" cried a small boy, "won't his hands burn the time he slides over!"

Some of the other boys laughed, and the whole company gathered round to see what would be done next. Placing the barn-door hangers one before the other on the wire rope, just at the edge of the bluff, where it happened to be in reach, the young builder proceeded to tie the wicker chair to them in such a way that its weight kept the wheels of the hangers securely balanced on top of the wire cable.

Suddenly the whole thing dawned upon the assembled multitude. Shouts of surprise and delight at the skill and ingenuity of the enterprise, and eager questions as to when the bridge would be opened, came from every lip. A gentleman pressed forward and said,

"Do you intend to operate this bridge, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm going over as soon as the chair is secure."

"I'll give you ten dollars to let me go first."

"Can't do it, Sir. I'm going myself."

"Yes, but you could come after me."

"Guess not. How could I get the car back?"

"I'll make it thirty dollars—fifty."

"No, Sir. I'm going first."

"Can't you send the car back to me?"

"No. Don't you see it's up hill? The car will go down easy, but there's no getting her back. Besides, I can't stop. Got an engagement, you know, on the other side."

"How will you get back yourself?"

"Oh, I don't care to! I'm going over to stay."

Just here the postmaster drew the stranger aside and whispered in his ear. The man laughed, and asked no more questions.

It was a moment of intense excitement.

"Hold her steady, boys, while I get in. When I say go, let her slide."

The young man sat down in the chair swinging under the rope. Two stout fellows took hold on each side and drew it back. It moved easily on the rope, and there was a little shout of applause.

"Hold on!" cried the postmaster. "Could you not take this mail-bag in your lap?"

"No; the rope might break. Every pound tells, and I'm very light."

"Nonsense!" cried the stranger who wished to cross. "The rope will bear two like you."

"Well, how much does the bag weigh?"

"Only two pounds."

"All right; I'll take it. Ready now. Go!"

Go he did. The car, drawn onward by the weight of its load, shot out over the river with the speed of the wind. The rope bent under the weight, and the two crowds gathered on the banks held their breaths in alarm. Then it began to slacken its speed. The rope under the strain made a loop again, and suddenly the intrepid voyager stopped in mid-air, perhaps a hundred feet from the shore. A wild shout of dismay went up from the people. The navigator looked up at the slender rope over his head and down at the roaring river sixty feet below. In despair he gazed at the shore. Where was his Hero now? Alas! in a dead faint on the ground behind the people. Some one found her, and they all turned to see what had happened, and left the luckless voyager to swing slowly backward and forward on the wind, and utterly out of reach.

The situation was desperate. Why had he not drawn the cable tighter? If it had been secured properly, this dreadful accident would not have occurred. The people on the banks ran hither and thither in helpless confusion. Those nearest to him were busy with the poor child whose nerves had been shattered by the accident, and the young man himself was neglected.

Presently they took the young woman home, and then they turned to see what could be done to rescue him. After some little delay a rope was procured, and an effort made to throw it to him. He failed to catch it, though it touched his chair twice. Still they kept on, and at last he secured it. A dozen stout fellows began to pull on it, and his car slowly and gently rolled ashore, amidst the cheers and shouts of the assembled populace. Twenty hands were reached out to pull him in, and he landed in the midst of a frantic company of men and boys. Would the bridge be opened for travel? Could he not take a message back? The conductor of the express train wanted his passengers taken over. The express man had a trunk of valuables that must cross somehow.

A big man in a traveling suit pressed through the crowd and seized his hand just as he stepped out of the car.

"Did you build that bridge?"

"Yes, Sir, I did."

"Very bright idea! I once saw one just like it in Japan."

"Yes, Sir, I saw the picture of one on a Japanese fan. That's what made me think of it."

"You should put up another wire if you wish to go back."

"Don't want to. I've come to stay."

Thereupon the young man began to unfasten the chair as if to take it away.

"Hold on a bit! What will you take for the bridge?"

"Don't want to sell. Besides, I am busy now."

He turned to go away, but the stranger detained him.

"Don't you want to make a fortune?"

"Yes, but I can't stop. Busy to-day. Besides, they are waiting for me."

The man was importunate, and even the people gathered about murmured as if in remonstrance.

"Look you, young man. That bridge of yours is worth a thousand dollars to the man who knows how to work it."

"That's so, that's so," said the people.

"The other bridges can not be rebuilt in a month, and all the railroad travel, the mails, and light freight will have to cross on your cable."

"Yes," replied the young man, impatiently; "but I've no time to attend to it—at least not to-day."

Here the crowd suddenly parted, and on the arm of her aged father appeared the blushing Hero. They shook hands heartily, and if it had not been for the presence of the assembled company, it is believed they would have kissed each other.

"Oh, I told them you would come. I was sure of it, but I didn't think you'd fly."

"Of course. I said I should be on time, and here I am. It's almost time, I suppose?"

"Yes, very nearly."

The stranger became still more importunate.

"Look here, young man, I mean business. If you're in such a particular hurry, give me your terms, and I'll buy you out."

"Well, stranger, you wait an hour, and I'll talk with you."

"No; the whole business of the road is blocked, and we must have another wire up and more cars at once. Come! I'm the vice-president of the railroad, and you can trust me."

"What does he want?" whispered Hero.

"He wants to buy the wire bridge."

"Does he? Well, make him give a good price. It may help to furnish that spare room; besides, I want a little larger stove."

The young man thought a moment, and then he said, slowly, as if offering a great favor,

"I don't know much about such matters, Mr. President, but I'll sell a half interest in my bridge and the right to land cables on our farm for five hundred dollars, and I'll agree to run the bridge myself."

"Oh, you don't know about such matters! You are keen for one so young. However, I'll take you up."

"All right, Sir. We must have four cables and a dozen cars at once. I was thinking of it when I got stuck. I guess it will be a good speculation."

"Here's my hand on it. Can you begin to-day?"

"Yes, by-and-by—this afternoon. Just now I'm busy. I must go."

"What, in the name of Heaven, is your haste? Business is pressing on the line already."

"Yes, I know it; but—the fact is—this is my wedding day."

OUR ENGLISH CRITICS.

OUR English critics, of the Conservative side, have seized upon the various instances of political corruption among us to point their arguments against republicanism. From **TWEED** onward they pass exultingly over the long list of our public scandals, and cover us with contumely. We accept the rebuke; we bow before the finger of transatlantic scorn. There is no possible excuse for the errors and the crimes that mark our political annals, and every republican must consent to bear his part in the enduring shame, and resolve to labor for a new period of purity. An intense emotion of regret passed over the nation when it was believed that one of its high officials had committed a vulgar crime and sold his honor, and that corruption ruled in some of the departments of the national government. The people have resolved upon vengeance against those who have brought dishonor upon freedom. Some of the criminals have already felt the hand of justice, and it may be hoped that at the last not one may be suffered to escape. A swift and unsparing punishment of all the guilty can alone restore in part the reputation of America. But while we confess that our list of public peculators is long, from **TWEED** to the newest disclosure, England, our severe judge, within the same period can furnish a still weightier one, and, what is least to the credit of monarchical sentiment, seems to have looked upon its official offenses without shame or any desire of punishing them. The republic blushes at its own errors; the monarchy shelters its offenders without a blush. The republic hastens to cover its unworthy officials with endless disgrace; the British Parliament opens its doors to a confessed criminal. English conservatism seems not sufficiently instructed to feel that well-founded suspicion is worse than an open conviction of guilt, and that an attempt to conceal crime in high offenders tends only to corrupt society in its utmost limit.

One of the latest instances of the leniency of the English government to its own guilty officials is that of Lord **WESTBURY**, Lord Chancellor of England, the fountain of English justice. Lord **WESTBURY** opened his career in Parliament in 1862 by a valuable speech on the registration of land. He was the adviser of the ministry, the trusted friend of **PALMERSTON** and **BROUGHAM**, the head of the English bar, the legal counselor of his Queen. There is no more honored position in England than that of the Lord Chancellor, and there is no more common boast among Englishmen than that of the incorruptibility of English judges. In spite of **BACON**, **MACCLESFIELD**, and **WESTBURY**, of **JEFFREYS**, **HATTON**, and a long line of somewhat imperfect characters on the woolsack, the fond illusion is still maintained. But Lord **WESTBURY**, in the height of his legal greatness, fell suddenly. It was discovered that he was in the habit of selling official places in the Chancery for large sums, that he had sought illicit gains, and committed a crime worse than **BACON**'s. He was not satisfied with a salary of £10,000 a year. It was shown that he had given away a valuable situation in the Leeds Bankruptcy Court as a consideration for money advanced to his son. Other charges of a similar character were made against him and sustained by proper proof, and Lord **WESTBURY** was censured by a vote of the House of Commons, and resigned. But for this violation of the dignity and duties of the highest legal office in England he was never impeached or punished. Wealthy, powerful, protected by noble alliances, he was above the terrors of the law. The affair was allowed to pass away unnoticed. No Englishman blushed that the honor of the nation had been tainted by the corrupt acts of a Lord Chancellor. If in America a Chief Justice should be detected in selling the offices and clerkships in his gift, he would be tried for malfeasance and punished severely. Here, indeed, the offense is unknown. In England, Lord **WESTBURY**, having resigned, sailed away in his yacht on a pleasure cruise, returned to receive his pension of £5000 a year, and took his seat in the House of Lords. There he formed a part of the highest court of appeal of his country, and with tainted hands administered justice to the nation. Such is the practice of a monarchy. The republic at once impeaches and tries its accused official, and is even violent and almost excessive in its rage against the supposed offenders.

A long list of similar instances of corruption in office among the English might easily be produced. Members of Parliament and persons of rank have appeared recently before the criminal courts of London as the promoters of fraudulent companies, and have escaped in silence. England abounds with instances of this kind. Of the Emma Mine speculation, which has certainly been sifted carefully, the chairman of the company was a member of the British Parliament, and its chief manager a noted financier who lost his seat in Parliament upon a charge of bribery. If Sir **CHARLES DILKE** is to be trusted, the English corporations and rural towns are the centres of extraordinary corruption. The ancient corporation and companies of London itself do not escape the pointed charges of the *Westminster Review*. English savings-banks have long been noted for their frequent fraudulent losses. And owing to the peculiar reticence of the English press, these numerous cases of public and private dishonesty are often suffered to drop into silence, and may only be remembered or recorded in one or two of the republican journals. Dishonesty, indeed, must occur under all governments, and the chief moral difference among them must spring from the way in which it is treated. Where the crime is hidden, the offender tolerated, we may infer that the moral sense of the ruling power is low; where a just indignation is shown, a proper punishment inflicted, there is evidently a tendency toward purity and self-respect. Nor would we have cared to notice the criticisms of our foreign assailants had they not been so confident and bold as to assume almost the appearance of truth. They are dangerous because they are so daring, and might well alarm some feeble republican whose political convictions are not founded upon careful reflection. Said the chief English Conservative journal, "Happily the countries are few where so gross an abuse of trust would be possible." "It was one of the glories of the administration of the War Department by Mr. **JEFFERSON DAVIS** and Mr. **MARCY**," says another popular English journal, "that their post traders were invariably men of high character." And one might suppose from the comments of the reactionary and foreign press that the tide of progress had been turned backward, and that pure virtue could find its only safe refuge under the shelter of a slave-holding or an imperial caste.

Happily the facts do not sustain the conclusion, and the experience of the past twenty years amply defends the republic. The most corrupt of all recent governments was that of the **BONAPARTES** in France. Imperialism was there only another form of public robbery. Its War Department sent its armies into the field in 1870 decimated by fraud, without food, arms, or even the common necessaries of the camp. Yet no one was punished except France, no one suffered but the people. England in the Crimean war was but little better served by its military officials. Men starved and perished by hundreds in the bleak winter before Sebastopol because English officials had betrayed their trust. Yet even here there were no punishments, and all complaints were silenced. From **MARLBOROUGH**, who sold army contracts, to the Duke of York, who sold commissions and gave a chaplaincy to his footman, from the Duke of York to the latest official rule, there has been no period in which the management of the English army has not been the subject of the gravest scandal; and the English navy has never ceased to be a scene of peculation and of blunders, from the fall of Yorktown to the sinking of the *Vanguard*. Sir **CHARLES DILKE** and the *Westminster Review* point to an endless series of national corruptions. The English radical papers often lift a veil that discloses no assuring proof of the nicety of monarchical sentiment. The scenes in Rotten Row are not indications of a high grade of civilization. It would be useless to carry on the parallel. But we may safely conclude that, however imperfect may be our government, however capable of constant improvement, it is still the teacher of progress, and the only one under which the people have risen rapidly to intelligence and humanity.

The chief foe of free institutions is ignorance, and our English critics may well take notice how large a part of our public scandals have sprung from that illiterate population which English intolerance, oppression, or neglect has driven away uneducated to our shores. It is only recently that England has paid any attention to the cultivation of the popular mind. The stalwart emigrants who cross the ocean from its ports have covered America with a cloud of barbarism. Our large cities are made centres of a dangerous class of voters, who have fallen an easy prey to cunning politicians. It is easy to trace the unparalleled frauds of the New York Democracy to the fatal blight of English ignorance. Nor would it have been possible for the **TWEEDS** and **SWEENYS** of the time, or even for the intriguing priests, to drive the voters of New York to the support of robbery or rebellion had they been only tolerably educated. It was and is in the wards filled with an uncultivated foreign population that the Democratic leaders have created a sympathy with slavery or find their allies in fraud. It is to the uncultivated immigrants from Ireland that we owe that desperate class of officials who, under **TWEED** and **HALL**, contrived to plunder New York of $90,000,000 within three years, who were placed in office by the skillful management of **TILDEN** and **O'CONOR**, and who once more rule over the impoverished city under a new name. Nearly all our important public offices are filled by men who were the followers and beneficiaries of **TWEED** and **SWEENY**, and in the last municipal election it was the most ignorant portion of our foreign population that forced the Democratic officials again into power. And it will probably appear, when our recent public scandals, from Washington to St. Louis, have been carefully examined, that they are not unconnected with that reign of Democratic corruption in New York which culminated in 1870, and which was the offspring of a debased population, an intriguing priesthood, and a foreign rule.

There can, indeed, be no more imprudent course for the governing class in England than to assert that "such gross frauds" can only occur "in a government like that of the United States." The falseness of the statement has already been commented upon by their own radical journals. They show that instances of fraud are common in English history, far worse than any that have yet been adduced in a republic. They see that the republic offers no concealment for official crime like that permitted in an empire or a monarchy. But a happier period seems opening upon Europe and America; for England, France, Italy, and the United States have undertaken seriously to educate all their people. In every civilized country the school question has become the ruling one. The next century will probably witness the rapid march of the people every where toward equality and unity. President **GRANT** spoke the real impulse of the country when he advised in his Message a national law of education. And the tendency of all parties among us is plainly toward one party—that of Knowledge.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY, 1876.

Sunday,	14.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	21.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	25.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	28.—Sunday after Ascension.
Thursday,	18.—General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Savannah, Georgia.
Tuesday	23.—Baptist Anniversaries, Buffalo.
Wednesday	24.—General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

JUNE.

Sunday,	4.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	11.—Trinity-Sunday; St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	18.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	25.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	29.—St. Peter.

THE Methodist Episcopal General Conference, which opened on Monday, the first day of May, in Baltimore, contains about four hundred lay and clerical delegates. It meets, by a happy coincidence, this Centennial year in the city where the Church was originally organized in 1784. The most important subjects likely to occupy its attention are the election of presiding elders and fraternization with the Southern Methodist Church. Commissioners from the Southern Church are expected to appear before the Conference; one of the number is the venerable Dr. **LOVICK PIERCE**, now past ninety years of age. The Rev. **JAMES H. RIGG** and the Rev. W. H. **POPE** are the fraternal delegates from the British Methodist Conference.

Mr. **MOODY** has set at rest the surmise that he may be making a money profit out of presents from individuals and churches, by stating that his receipts barely keep him in comfortable circumstances. The total amount of presents sent him during his ten weeks' stay in New York was but $300, and some of it in anonymous letters, so that it could not be returned. It is hardly necessary for Mr. **MOODY** to trouble himself to prove to the public that he is not actuated by mercenary motives. The work done in the Hippodrome has been vigorously followed up by pastors in the city. Union meetings are held in Association Hall, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, every afternoon at three o'clock and every evening at eight. On Saturday evenings the service will be for men only. Mr. **HEPWORTH**, of the Church of the Disciples, and the Rev. Dr. S. H. **TYNG**, Jun., are holding nightly services in their churches.

One of the features of Philadelphia is Mr. **JOHN WANNAMAKER**'s Sunday-school of 1000 scholars. It is in the lower part of the city. Its peculiarity is the large proportion of adult persons in attendance, of whom there are 600, their ages ranging from thirty to sixty years. To accommodate these grown-up students Mr. **WANNAMAKER** has erected a building containing forty rooms. The school is under his own personal superintendence.

On May 11 the American Bible Society holds its sixth annual meeting for the review of its operations, at the Bible House, in this city. The public anniversary exercises will be held in Philadelphia, May 16. In the afternoon of that day a service will be held at three o'clock, in the Evangelical Lutheran Church of that city, at the corner of Broad and Arch streets; the evening session will be held in the Philadelphia Academy of Music. A historical discourse, appropriate to the Centennial year, will be delivered in Dr. **JOHN HALL**'s church, New York, by the Rev. Dr. W. J. R. **TAYLOR**, on Sunday evening, May 7.

A curious phenomenon in London life was the appearance of keepers of public-houses in conference with clergymen of the Church of England for the purpose of considering the best methods of suppressing intemperance. The attendance of brewers and "licensed victualers"—the English name of the publicans—was very large. The topics considered in the conference were licenses, inspection, and hours of closing, Sunday and week-day. One publican said that he was "glad to see the clergy taking up the matter, for they were a kind of fender to the trade, and kept off Stiggins preachers and rabid teetotalers." This sally made a great laugh. Another attributed "much of the drinking habits of the poor to the wretched habitations they live in, for the depression caused by sleeping in overcrowded, unventilated rooms creates a demand" for stimulating drinks. This hits the nail on the head exactly. As to Sunday closing, it was generally agreed to as desirable, if one rule were established for all. Every "licensed victualer" present at the conference was opposed to drunkenness.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which meets in Brooklyn May 18 (Dr. **TALMAGE**'s church), will be composed of not far from 500 commissioners. It will represent 4703 ministers, 5000 churches, and 506,000 communicants. It is thought that the plan of synodical representation, which was devised for the purpose of reducing the size of the Assembly, has not been ratified by the presbyteries. The Church has 13 theological seminaries, 304 licentiates, and 676 accepted candidates for the ministry. Its last annual contributions reported for benevolence and the support of the ministry, etc., were $7,000,000. The Southern General Assembly, which meets on the same day at Savannah, Georgia, has 64 presbyteries, 1084 ministers and licentiates, 1797 churches, 107,334 members, and 2 theological seminaries. Negotiations have been going on between commissions appointed by the two Assemblies for the restoration of fraternal relations between the Northern and Southern Presbyterians, but have not been as yet wholly successful. On the same day (May 18) the Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly meets at Bowling Green, Kentucky. This body, which grew out of the great revival of 1801–3 in Kentucky and Tennessee, has over 1000 ministers, 2000 congregations, and about 150,000 communicants. The United Presbyterian General Assembly meets in Philadelphia May 24. This Church, composed of the union of the Associate Reformed and the Associate Presbyterian Churches, which was effected in 1858, has over 600 ministers, 800 congregations, and nearly 80,000 communicants. These four Assemblies represent churches whose vigor and energy are felt in every department of Christian work. There are about 900,000 Presbyterian communicants in the United States.

The account given several weeks since by Bishop **WHIPPLE**, of Minnesota, of the civilization of seventy wild Cheyenne and other Indians at Fort Marion, Florida, contains a very unusual incident. Captain **PRATT**, the officer in charge of the fort, has treated the Indians as soldiers, drilled them, made some of them non-commissioned officers, and taught them the rudiments of Christianity. Before leaving the fort, Bishop **WHIPPLE** had, through an interpreter, an interview with the Indian chiefs. "I said," he continues, "I had come to say good-by; that I felt it was a remarkable thing that they who lived 2000 miles southeast and I who lived 2000 miles northwest should have met at St. Augustine; that I had tried to tell them of Jesus, the only Friend who could save them; and that I wished they would show me their hearts. Old **NE-MIN-ICK** arose. He stood a moment silent. You could see that his heart was full. He choked. After a moment he said: 'You may think your words have passed by me. They did not go into my ears and go away; they went down, down, to the bottom of my heart. I go to church on the praying day, and when I see the white man kneel I know that he is asking the Great Spirit for himself and children, and then I try to send one little breath to Him, and ask Him that He will have pity on poor me. Your words are good. Since I came here' (pointing to Captain **PRATT**), 'this man has only spoken to me good words. He has tried to turn my feet into a good trail, and I am going to try to walk in it till I die.' He stood still a moment, and then he threw his arms around Captain **PRATT**'s neck. He kissed him first on one cheek and then on the other. He came to me and threw his arms round my neck, kissed me on both cheeks, and then laid his head on my neck and sobbed like a child. All the chiefs embraced us, and said **NE-MIN-ICK** had spoken their words. And yet men ask," says the bishop, "if Indians can be reached."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

RETICENCE.—If you don't know what every body else knows, you had better hold your tongue; and if you know something that every body else knows, you had better hold your tongue also; at the same time, if you know something that nobody else knows, keep it to yourself.

A gentleman having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, Sir," said the man. "I presume not," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

I take the lead in government, yet have no part in law; I terminate every undertaking, yet am never in action; and though never wanting in guineas, am always out of cash.—The letter G.

When we picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we can not help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife when on a journey has only one trunk.

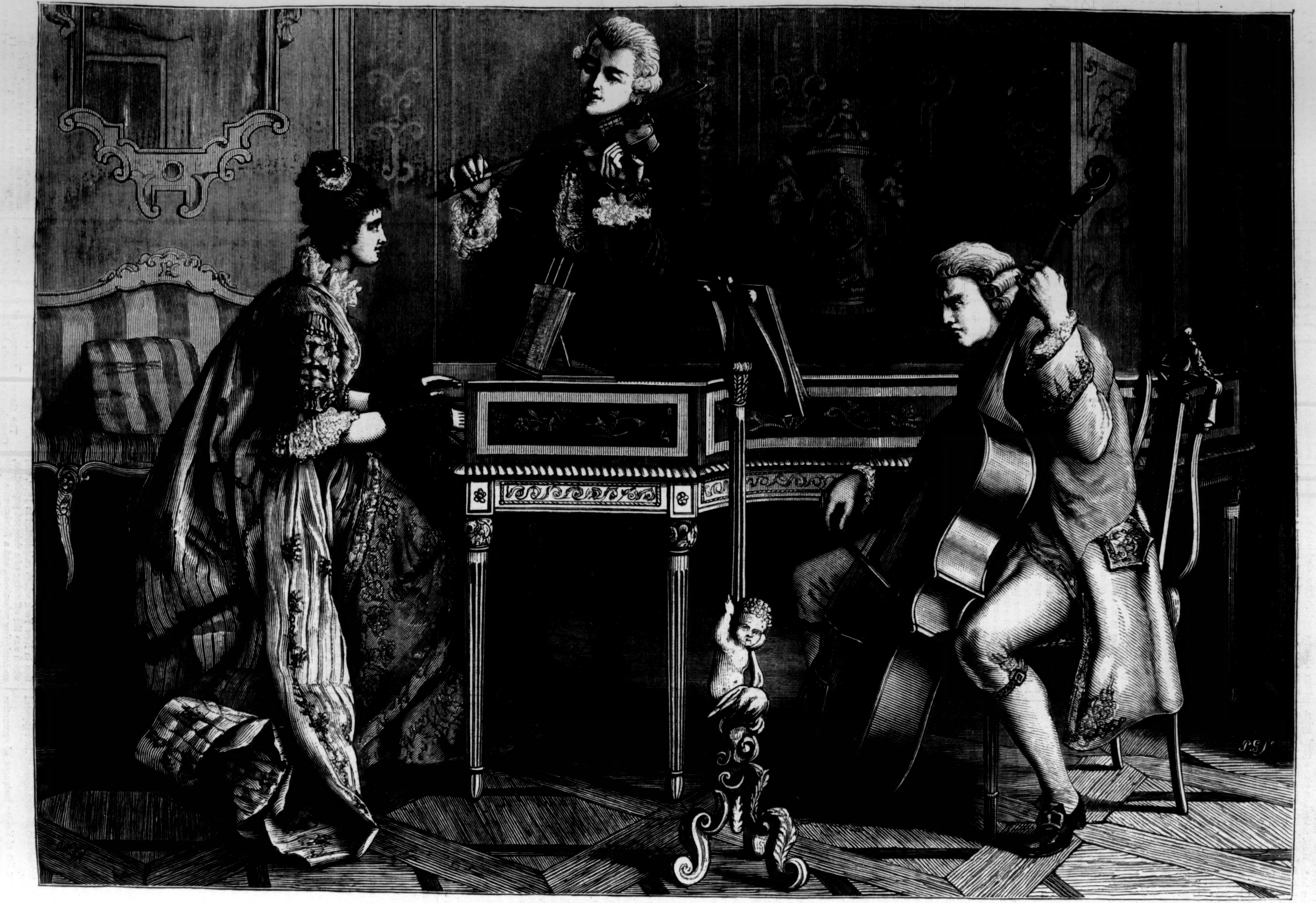
"Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the Catechism to her son, "what's a slander?" "A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid; "a-weel, I hardly ken, unless it be mayhap an ower true tale which one gude woman tells of anither."

Why are a pin and a poker like a blind man?—Because they have no eyes.

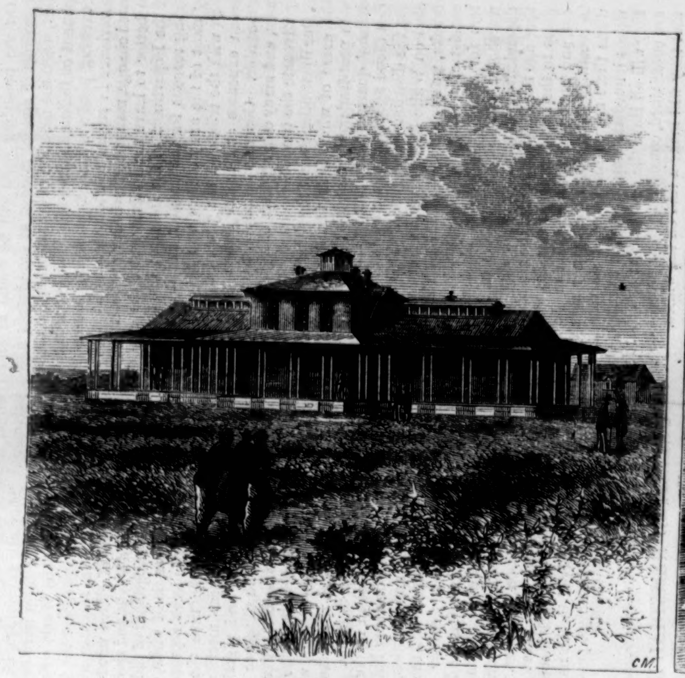
A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that reckless manner.

At a crowded concert the other evening a young lady standing at the door of the hall was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion. "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

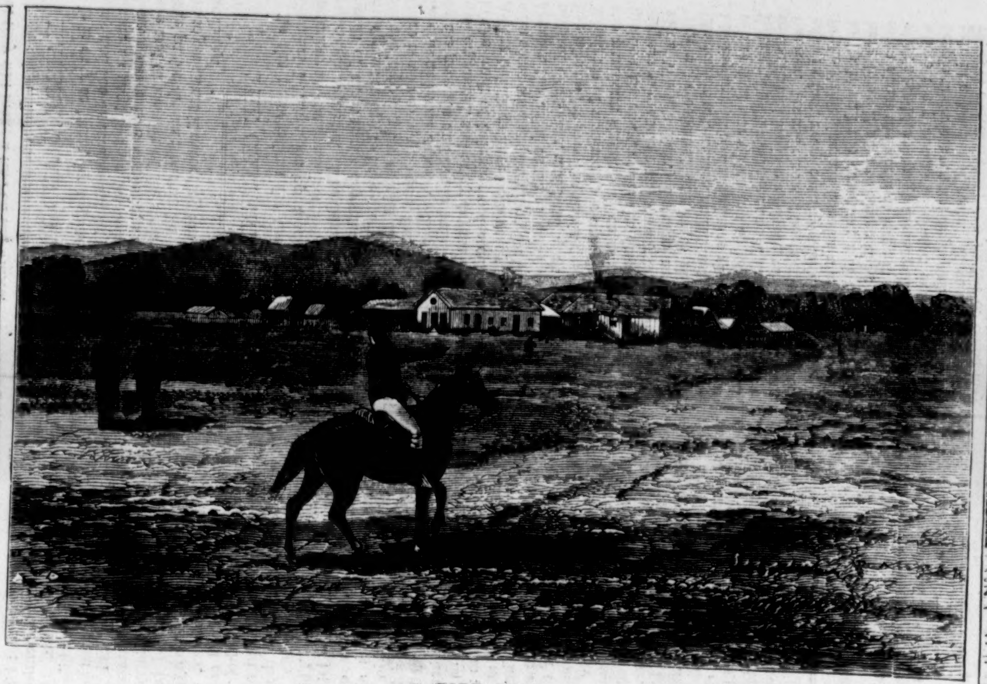
MR. JONES'S MISAPPREHENSION.—Jones had been dining with some bachelor friends, "not wisely, but too well." Being painfully aware of his inebriety, he endeavored to conceal it from the public by buttoning his coat up very closely, imparting an abnormal stiffness to his knees, and tripping over his own heels. He stalked up to a street car, walked briskly in just as the horses started forward, and instantly tumbled out backward without unbending a muscle. Straightway he again stood upright, splashed with mud, and entered the car and seated himself beside an acquaintance, making no sign of his mishap. Presently he turned to this individual and queried, "Klishn?" "No." He considered a moment, and then asked, "Offetrack?" "No." More reflection—sleepily; then again, "Runoverprespice?" "No." "Splozhn?" "No." Somnolent cogitation. "Any acc'dent?" "Not at all." He took this piece of information into his intellectual maw, and, digesting it, concluded he must be very far "gone" indeed. Anxious to hide the disgraceful fact, and turn the matter off respectably, he turned again shortly, with the bland observation, "Well, if I'd known that I wouldn't got out." He blinked off into an unconscious state after a while, and then "woke up" with his eyes very wide open, to show that he had only been thinking. He rode on a mile beyond his street, and was finally taken home in a cab.



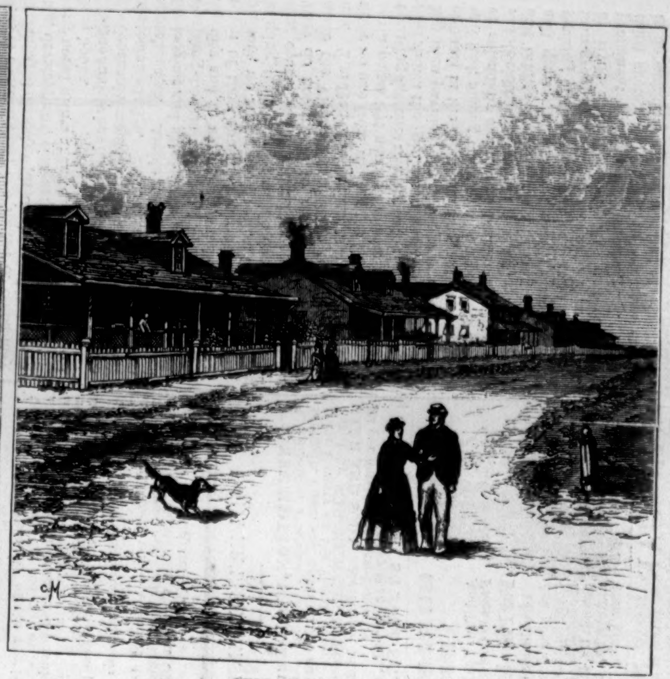
HARMONY AND DISCORD.—[See Page 394.]



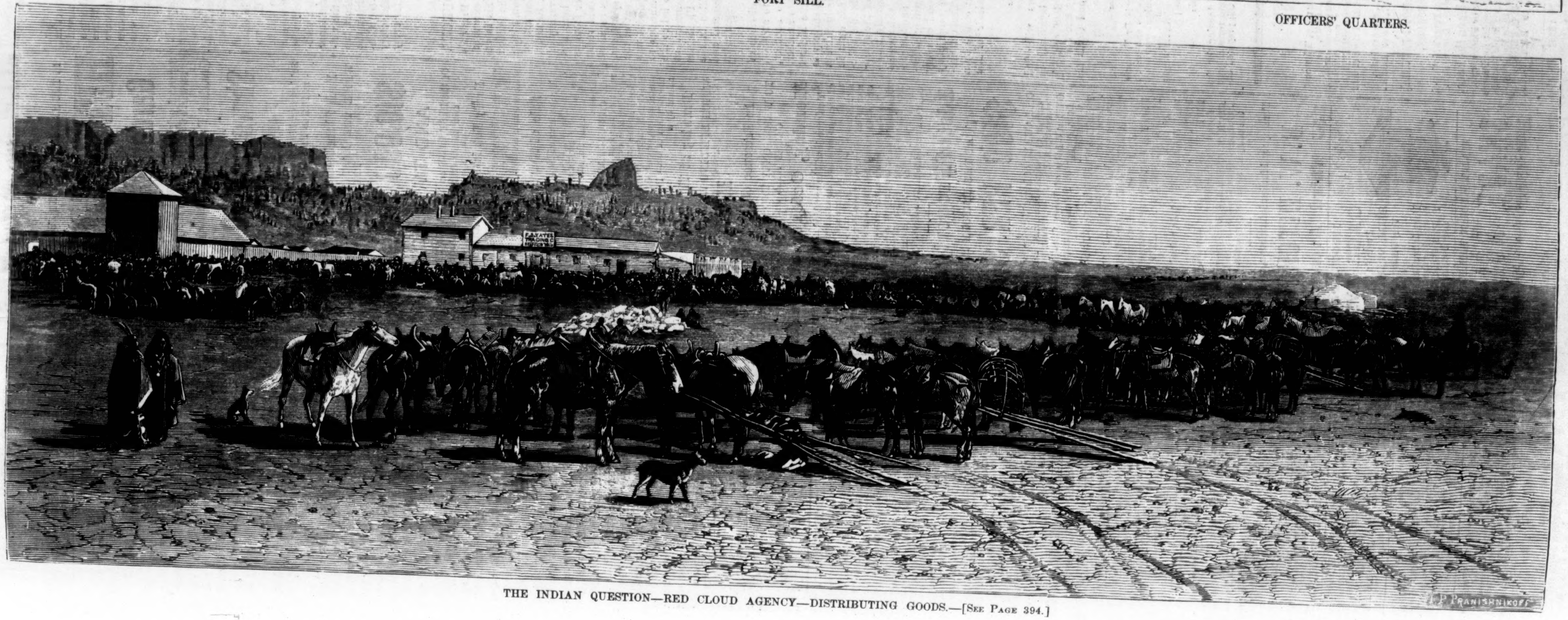
THE HOSPITAL.



FORT SILL.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS.



I. PRANISHNIKOFF

THE INDIAN QUESTION—RED CLOUD AGENCY—DISTRIBUTING GOODS.—[See Page 394.]

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

On the preceding page will be found several engravings of special interest at the present moment, when the question of transferring the management of Indian affairs to the War Department is exciting public attention. Opinions are much at variance in regard to the wisdom of the proposed change, many persons believing that it would be better to leave the Indians under the control of the Department of the Interior; but there are strong reasons for the transfer, and it is favored by most of the army officers who have had dealings with the tribes, on the ground that it would lessen expenses and render Indian wars almost impossible. Generals SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, HANCOCK, and many other officers of high rank strongly advocate the change.

Our illustrations show the situation of Fort Sill, the name of which is so familiar in connection with post-tradership scandals; the hospital and officers' quarters belonging to the fort; and the Red Cloud agency, with a crowd of Indians awaiting the distribution of goods. This agency, situated on White Earth River, in Northwestern Nebraska, was established in 1873. The buildings consist of a stockade, agent's house, office, quarters for men, carpenter and blacksmith shops, warehouse, etc. Large numbers of Indians are dependent upon this agency for supplies. Some time ago the President called the attention of Congress to the fact that these supplies were giving out, and urging immediate action in the matter. A recent dispatch from the agency says the Indians there are on the verge of starvation; that unless immediate steps are taken to supply them, they will all leave the reservation; and that fears are entertained, considering their present temper, that they will make a raid on the whites.

HARMONY AND DISCORD.

It is easy to guess, by a glance, that the harmony and the discord meant by the artist of the picture on page 392 do not belong to the music alone. There is a whole love story in the attitude and expression of the several actors in this little parlor drama; but we leave it to our readers to construct it according to their own particular fancy.

THE CENTENNIAL.

As the preparations for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition approach completion, the grandeur and magnitude of the enterprise become strikingly apparent. The Commissioners and the heads of the various departments have worked with great energy to have every thing in readiness for the imposing ceremonies of inauguration, and there is now every prospect that their efforts will be crowned with success. The force of laborers on the grounds and in the buildings is large and well organized, and every day makes a long stride in the work of bringing order out of confusion. As the buildings have been ready for some time, with some trifling exceptions, for the reception of articles, the chief cause of delay is the dilatoriness of exhibitors, and hard work will do much to make up for previous remissness on their part. Hundreds of workmen are occupied in arranging the pavilions, stands, and cases in the Main Exhibition Building, where the display promises to surpass in grandeur and variety that of every previous World's Fair. Foreign nations compete with unprecedented energy to show what each has done in art, science, and industry. The Spanish display will be a surprise to visitors. In spite of the civil war which has so long raged in that country, Spain will make one of the finest displays in the Exhibition in magnitude, variety, value, and interest. Brazil also will be splendidly represented. In fact, every country which has taken part in the Exhibition has done its utmost to do honor to itself and the occasion; and the visitor will have himself only to blame if he can not learn more about the world at large in the course of a week's rambles through the magnificent buildings, where the products of almost every clime and people under heaven are displayed, than he could gain in a journey of years. Here the whole universe is concentrated; one nation or clime may be compared directly with another, and their progress, development, contrasts, and points of similarity noted with a distinctness never to be gained from books.

Some anxiety has been expressed that visitors to the Centennial would be likely to suffer from want of accommodation. There is little ground for such apprehension. Ample means will be provided for lodging and subsistence at reasonable rates. Boarding-houses are going up with surprising rapidity and in surprising numbers within easy reach of the Centennial grounds; and the proprietors, we are assured, realize the necessity of keeping their charges within due bounds, whatever course the city hotel-keepers may pursue. They do not intend to repeat the folly which made the Vienna Exposition a conspicuous failure. The fear of high charges should, therefore, deter no one from visiting the Centennial.

On pages 384 and 385 will be found some interesting sketches relating to the Centennial. The first shows the painters at work on the beautiful Egyptian pavilion, one of the most interesting inclosures in the Main Building, where the visitor will find, among other things, a brilliant display of splendidly embroidered table-spreads, scarlet saddle-cloths heavy with gold and silver thread, and bridles and stirrups glittering with bullion and gems. The second sketch shows the unpacking of the terra-cotta cast from the American group from the memorial to Prince ALBERT in Hyde Park, London. This cast occupies a prominent position in Memorial Hall. In the third sketch we see Italian workmen engaged in unpacking a cast of a statue of WASHINGTON, sent from Italy, the work of PIETRO GUARNERI. The group of French sign-painters, shown in the fourth sketch, are at work near the centre of the Main Building around the rough board fence which incloses the temporary Custom-house Department. They are skillful, rapid, and artistic workmen, and some of them have been employed at nearly all the previous World's Fairs.

The larger sketch represents the gorgeous Chinese Pavilion. It is a singular and attractive structure, with walls of gilded wood-work carved to represent vines and leaves, and showing through the open spaces a background of red silk. There are numerous large panels of white, on which are painted quaint figure pieces representing scenes in Chinese life. At the time the sketch was made, numbers of Chinese mechanics, in shirt-like blouses, skull-caps, and pigtails, were putting things to rights with diligence and dispatch. Now, every thing is in perfect order.

The "food question" will not be quite so embarrassing to our foreign visitors when the Exhibition is fairly opened, as the humorous sketches on page 385 might seem to imply. There will be French, German, and Italian restaurants in close proximity, where each one may lunch or dine according to his taste; and doubtless there will be others where the Chinaman and the Japanese can indulge their somewhat peculiar proclivities in the way of dishes. American and English visitors will find no lack of provision for the inner man at several spacious restaurants in the vicinage of the Exhibition buildings. In short, the problem of supplying with meat and drink the hungry thousands who will throng to the Centennial has been solved in the most satisfactory manner. There will be ample provision for every variety of taste.

UNLIMITED REMEDIAL RESOURCES.

PEOPLE sometimes suppose that Dr. PIERCE's Family Medicines represent the entire extent of his resources for curing disease. This is an error. Experience proved that while the Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, would, if faithfully used, cure a large variety of chronic complaints, there would be here and there a case which, from its severity, or from its complication with other disorders, would resist their action. These exceptional cases required a thorough examination into their symptoms, to ascertain the exact nature and extent of the disease or diseases under which the patient was laboring, and the use of specific remedies to meet and overcome the same. This led to the establishment of the World's Dispensary, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, each of whom is skilled in the treatment of chronic disorders in general and those belonging to his own special department in particular. To one is assigned diseases of the throat and Lungs; to another, diseases of the kidneys and urogenital organs; to another, diseases of the digestive system; to another, diseases of the nervous system; and to another, diseases of the eye and ear. Thus the highest degree of perfection in medicine and surgery is attained. The establishment of this institution enables the doctor to meet a long-felt want in the treatment of the more severe chronic affections. By a careful consideration of the symptoms as given in writing, he successfully treats thousands of cases at their homes. Others visit the Dispensary in person. The amplest resources for the treatment of lingering affections are thus placed at the disposal of every patient, and those on whom the proprietary medicines do not have the desired effect can procure a more thorough and efficient course by a personal application to the proprietor of the World's Dispensary.—[*Com.*]

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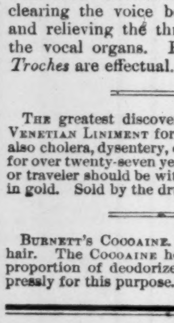

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WHILE THE MOST FORTUNATE ONE WILL RECEIVE A
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Of the BEST LAND on the MAIN STREET, and but two blocks from the Railroad Station

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In Presence of the Shareholders,
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FIFTY AWARDS of Lots, valued at $250 each.
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FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN AWARDS of Lots, valued at $100 each.
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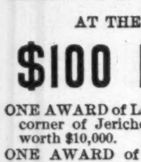

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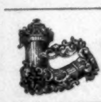

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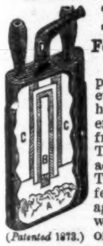

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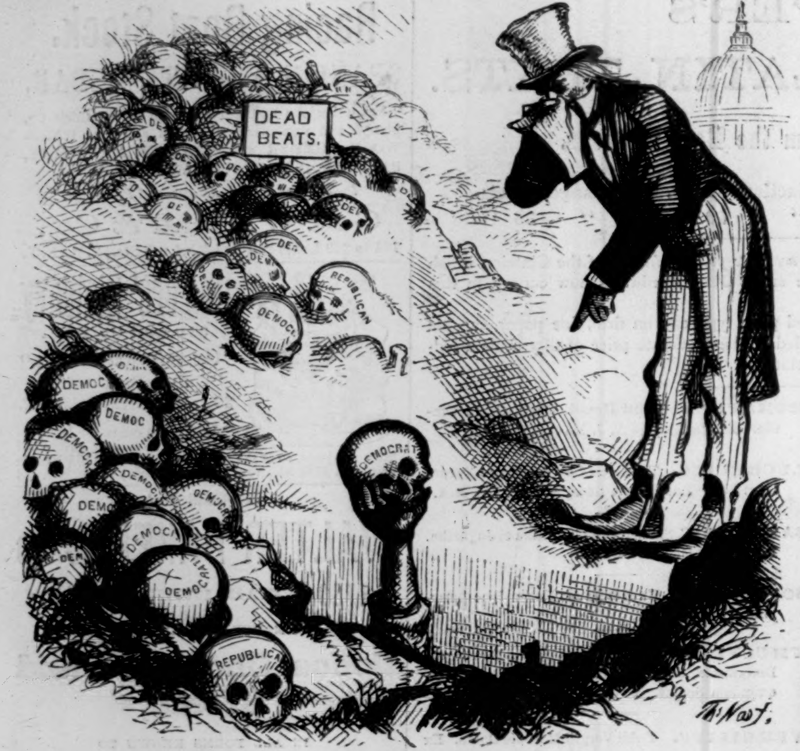

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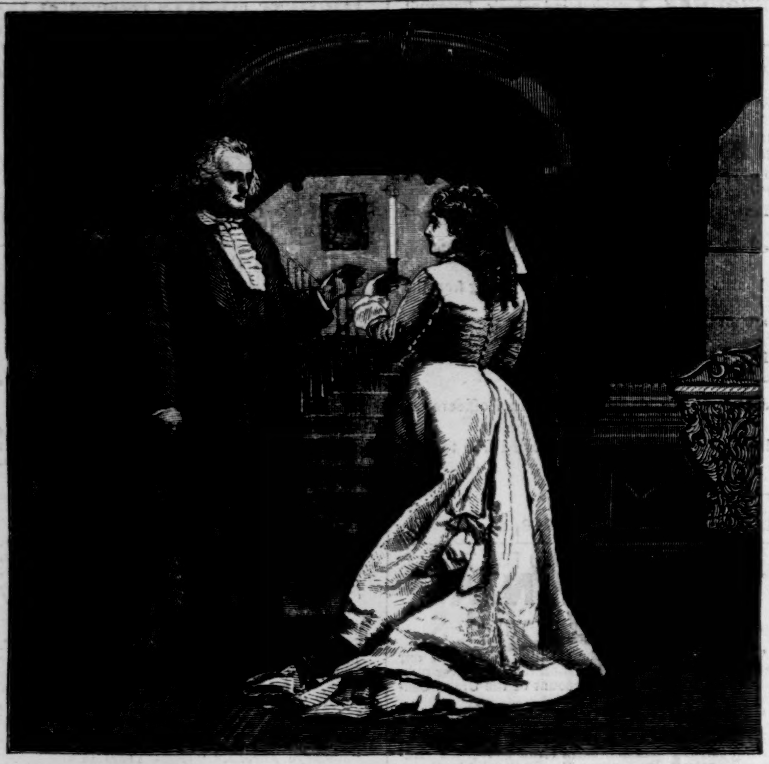

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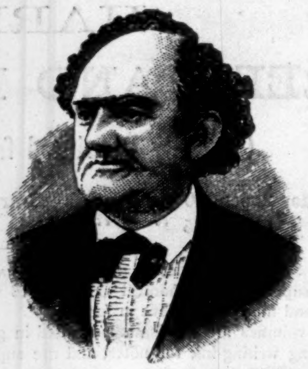

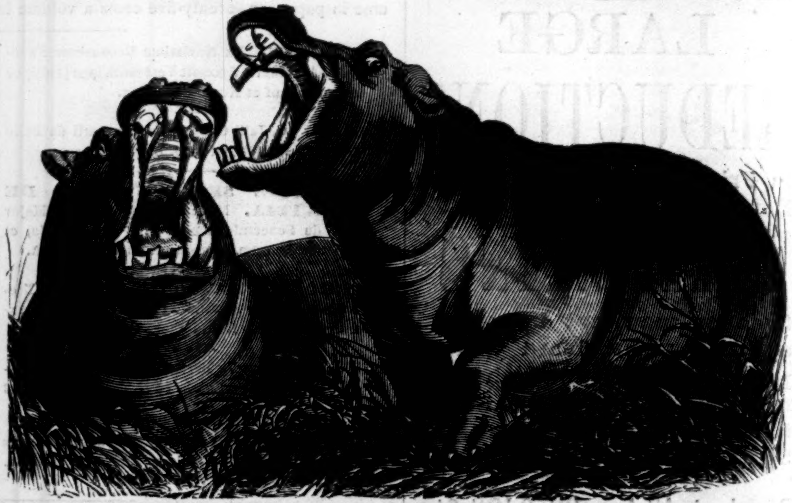

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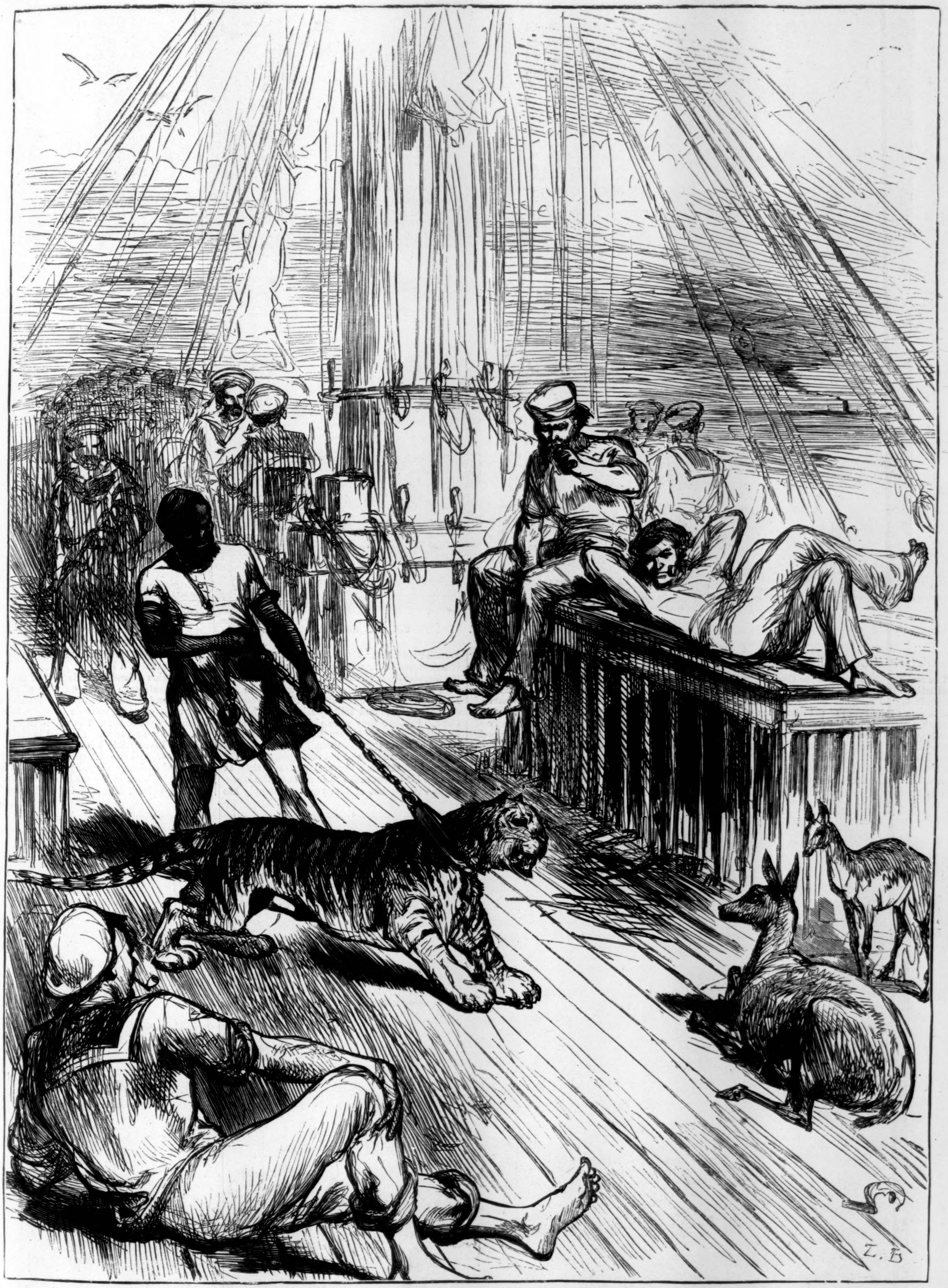
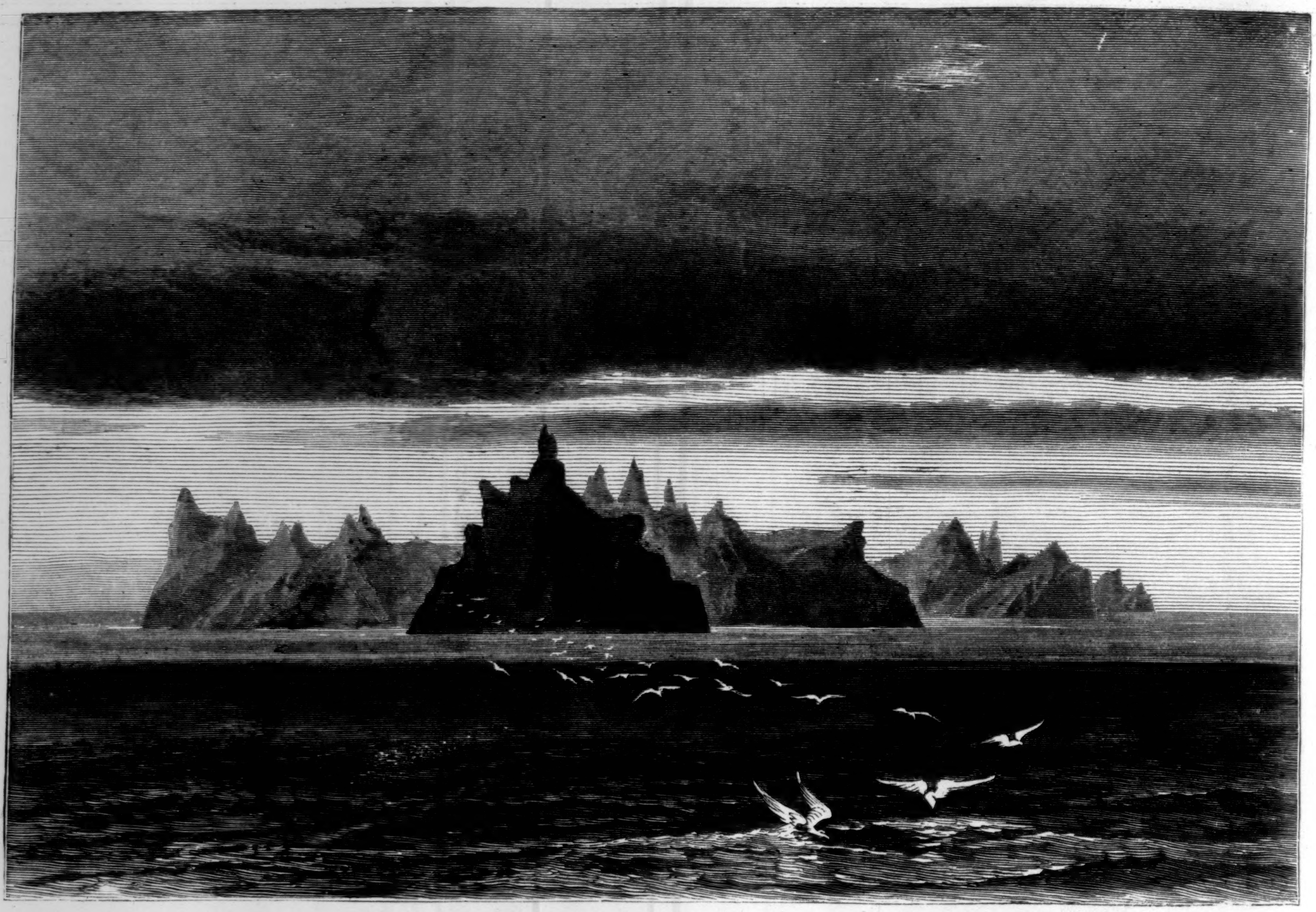


LIFE ON BOARD THE "SERAPIS"—YOUNG TIGER AND CHEETALS.

LIFE ON BOARD THE "SERAPIS."

AMONG the trophies which the Prince of Wales brought home with him from India was quite a large collection of wild animals. Considering the novelty of their situation on board the *Serapis*, they were a remarkably well-behaved party of beasts, and appeared to regard their first voyage quite in the light of a pleasure excursion. The elephants walked about the deck, the deer were quite tame, and even the tigers seemed domesticated, though every now and then there was an evident disposition to relapse. The latter, however, were hardly more than half-grown cubs, whose natural ferocity had scarcely had time to develop itself. Some tame spotted deer of the "cheetal" species were allowed to run loosely about the deck, and it was curious to see how the carnivorous instincts of baby tigers were excited by the prey so nearly within their reach. The keeper who had them in charge would occasionally lead them about by chains, on which occasion it was necessary to keep a sharp watch lest a sudden bound should result in the destruction of the more amiable beasts who were allowed their liberty. In the illustration we see a savage little brute of the tiger family, only eight months old, making frantic efforts to pounce upon a plump young deer, who looks placidly unconscious of or indifferent to danger. The restraining influences of collar and chain alone prevent bloodshed.

Stopping a few hours at Aden to take in coal, a few African ostriches were added to the four-footed collection aboard the *Serapis*. The appearance of these new-comers created much amusement. The sailors, at a loss how to persuade them to embark, seized the huge birds in their arms, and in spite of their struggles carried them bodily up the ladder at the ship's side. Once on board, however, their natural dignity asserted itself, and they betrayed no further emotion at being conveyed away from their native land. When unable to find other means of entertainment, the behavior of these curious passengers helped while away the tedious hours that must necessarily be encountered during a long voyage by royalty as well as less favored human beings.



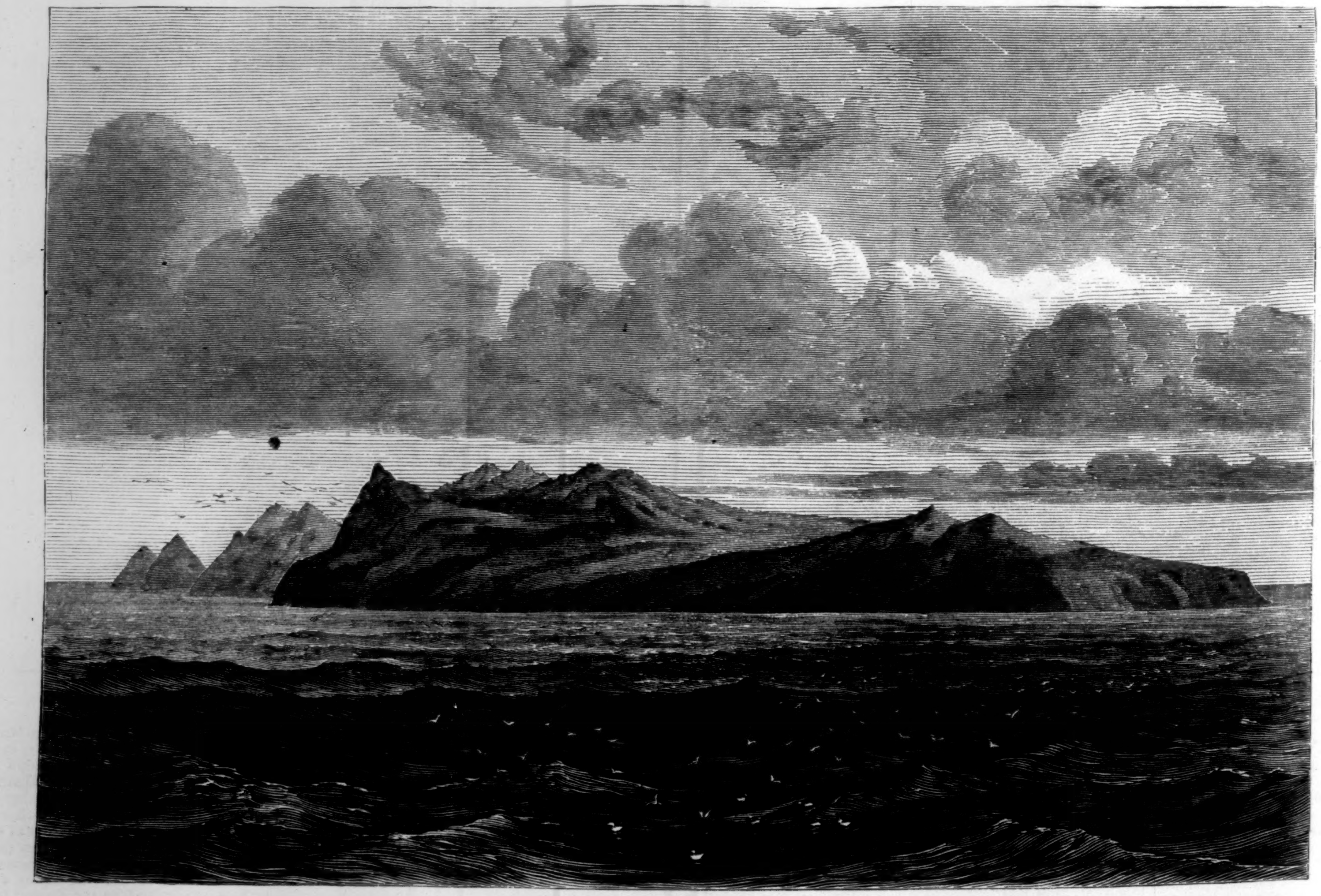
POSSESSION ISLAND, ONE OF THE CROZET GROUP.

THE CROZET ISLANDS.

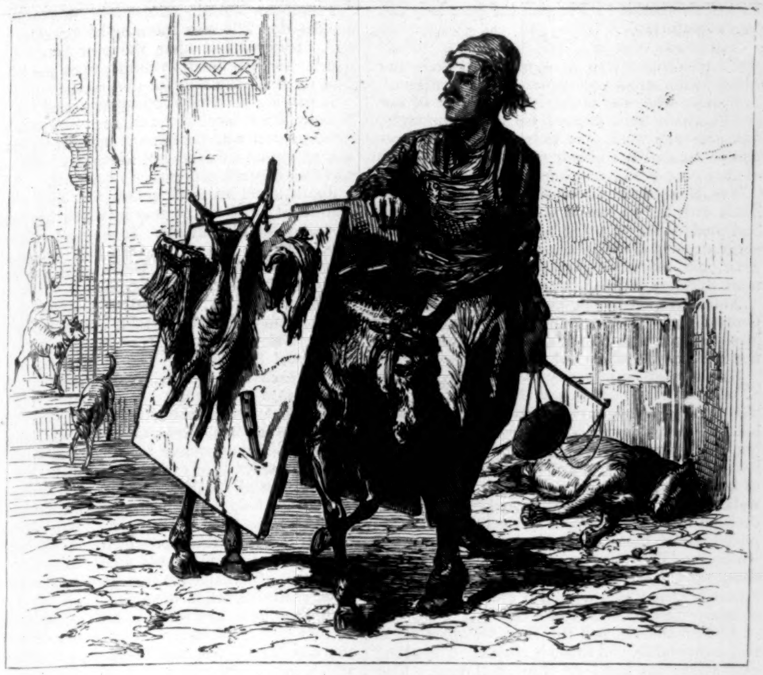
THE rocky group known as the Crozet Islands, situated in the Indian Ocean, latitude 45° 30′ south, longitude 47° 20′ east, has attracted much attention of late as the scene of the disastrous wreck of the English emigrant ship *Strathmore*, for New Zealand. Some idea of the danger of approaching these rocky points that rise so precipitously from the sea may be obtained from a glance at the two engravings on this page. Yet they have been useful to the captains of outward-bound vessels as a means of testing the accuracy of their chronometers, the position of the islands indicating at once the latitude and longitude which the vessel might have reached. The portion of the route to Australia where the Crozet Islands are situated is perhaps the most dangerous part of the whole voyage. Large quantities of floating ice make the passage difficult, and the density of the fogs frequently obliges vessels to lower their sails, as it would be unsafe to proceed in such obscurity.

The Crozet Islands were originally discovered by **MARION DU FRESNE**, who explored these waters so long ago as January, 1772, in command of a French expedition. **DU FRESNE** was unfortunately massacred in New Zealand before the news of the discovery was circulated. Three years later a man named **CROZET**, second in command to **DU FRESNE**, related the circumstance of the discovery of these strange and solitary islands to Captain **COOK**. In 1840 they were visited by Sir **JAMES ROSS**. The French frigate *L'Héroïne* is also reported as having visited them. Whaling vessels have occasionally stopped at these islands, for the purpose of securing the seal and a variety of strange birds that make their nests on the inhospitable rocks; but of late years the supply has been so nearly exhausted that it is no longer worth while to attempt a landing.

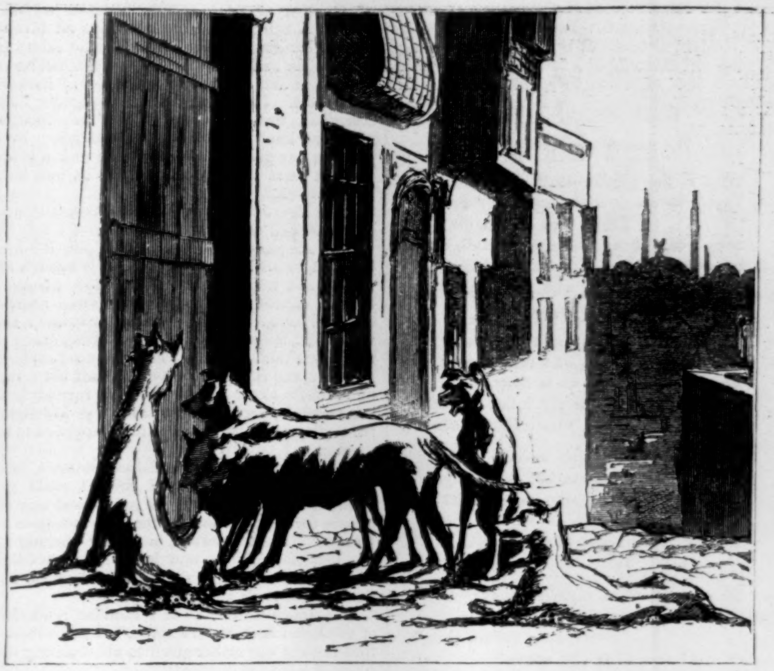
Possession Island is the largest of the group. The circumference is about twelve miles. The whole island seems to consist of a mass of rock, the result of some volcanic eruption, traces of which may yet be seen. The vegetation is scanty, and there are no trees. The next in size is Penguin, or Inaccessible Island. It is barren and precipitous, and at a distance appears like a collection of curiously shaped pinnacles. It is frequented by hosts of the sea-birds from which its name is derived. The island of the Twelve Apos-



HOG ISLAND, ONE OF THE CROZET GROUP.



CONSTANTINOPLE—THE MEAT SELLER.



CONSTANTINOPLE—WAITING FOR DINNER.

tles, where the *Strathmore* was wrecked, July 1, 1875, consists properly of two islets separated from each other by a narrow channel studded with rocks. Neither of them is accessible save to a most daring mountain climber.

Upon the island called the Twelve Apostles those of the passengers and crew of the *Strathmore* who survived the wreck contrived to sustain life for a period of more than six months. They numbered about fifty persons, one of them a lady. They lived in rudely constructed huts, and appeased their hunger with such game as they could secure. Five only died from exposure and want of proper food. A record of the sufferings of a party of people thrown upon a desolate island in mid-ocean, and compelled to remain there for over half a year, would fill a volume. On their first landing they slept on the bare rocks. In two days they had built a shanty, and after a time huts were constructed of stones and turf; but the cold was so great as to render the handling of the stones very painful work. Their food was the albatross and a nameless sort of gray bird. They subsisted upon these for a while, after which came a flock of molly-hawks. These were succeeded by penguins, whose eggs seemed a great luxury to the forlorn party. Their skins could also be used for fuel, and, stitched together, they were made to answer for clothing and shoes. At one time the penguins showed fight, and attacked their destroyers with their beaks. On the third night of their stay on the island the boats were lost; but by means of the life-boat they had already saved two barrels of gunpowder, a cask of port-wine, two cases of rum, two of gin, one of brandy, and one of preserves, and a case of eight tins of sweets. The party settled down after a few days' sojourn on the island, and was divided into six camps. The liquor lasted four or five weeks, being served out at first night and morning only, till the quantity became so small that it was reserved for medicinal purposes. The tins in which the sweets were kept they used as pots and lamps. A few matches had been saved from the wreck, and a lamp, fed by the fat of birds, was kept burning continually. The first weeks were mild in weather compared to those that followed. At the beginning of the winter there were heavy falls of sleet and snow, which greatly increased the suffering. To the single lady passenger whom fate had thrown among them every possible attention was paid, and most gratefully acknowledged by the recipient. The unfortunates were finally rescued by the American whaling ship *Young Phœnix*.

The *Strathmore* is not the only instance in which a vessel has been wrecked on the Crozet Islands. In 1821 an English cutter called the *Princess of Wales* was destroyed off Possession Island. For a year and ten months the crew were enabled to exist upon the rocks, at the end of which time they were rescued. One of the sailors afterward published an interesting account of their life on the islands.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is the universal experience of those who have visited Constantinople that the world-renowned city of the Bosphorus can only preserve through distance and perspective her ancient reputation for beauty. On near approach the charm vanishes: the palaces prove to be only dilapidated barracks, the minarets nothing but large whitewashed pillars, and the streets, steep and narrow, appear like alleys reeking with all manner of filth and wretchedness.

The artist has chosen as the theme of the illustrations on this page some of the scenes in the streets of Constantinople that strike the traveler as being novel, though by no means attractive. The first is a sort of peripatetic butcher's shop, consisting of a donkey whose sides are adorned with two large boards, upon which are displayed, in a highly unappetizing manner, various kinds of meat. The man in attendance carries a pair of scales, with which he dispenses his provisions to purchasers. The part played by the donkey is similar to that of the useful animal owned by the famous "Sandwich Man" of London, only in the latter case the poor beast is simply a sort of animated advertisement, and, instead of carrying the wares on his back, indicates, by means of huge posters, the place where they can be procured.

In the second drawing we have several specimens of the Constantinople dog, which are gathered together in front of a house in the hope that some fortunate combination of circumstances will result in providing them with a dinner. These hungry-looking animals swarm in all quarters of the city, and form a large proportion of the inhabitants. They are homeless, friendless, and masterless, and a party of them can be seen lying about every door-step, waiting in a dejected manner until the refuse thrown out by servants furnishes them with a scanty meal.

In the Turkish portions of Constantinople these dogs are the only scavengers, but at Pera, the European quarter, the rubbish is removed by an official called a "chupje." In the third sketch we see one of these useful members of society at work. The dogs apparently disapprove of this European innovation, and consider it an infringement upon their rights.

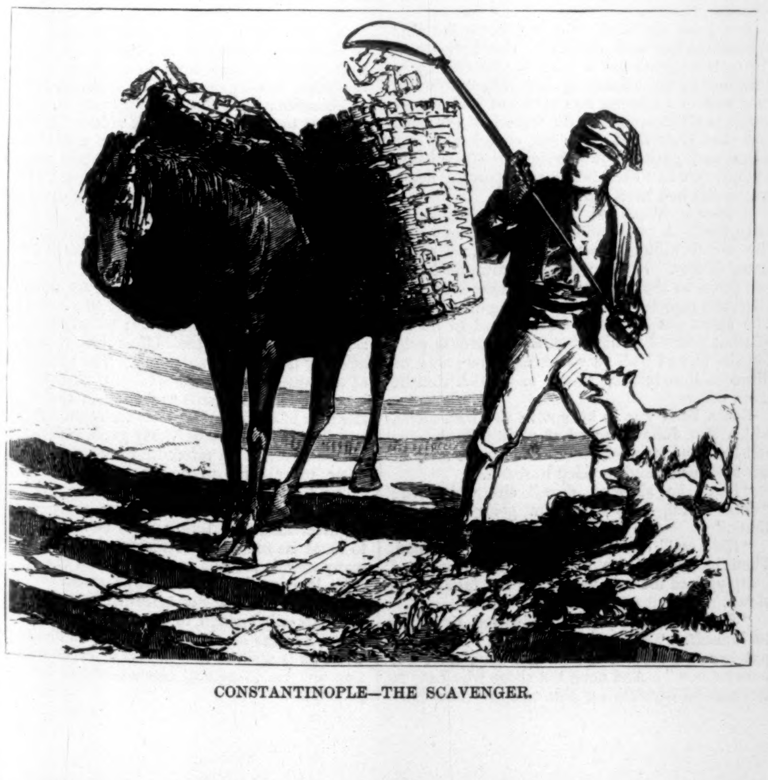
Mendicancy, discouraged in Western countries, is a recognized profession in the East. The "blind beggar" in the engraving is arrayed for his business with as much care as a leading actor. The family for which he has to provide is represented by the infant on his back and the child in front who leads him by means of a string. A European beggar would employ one of the dogs that the city furnishes in such abundance in the latter position; but a dog, being a self-supporting creature, would not, of course, attract as much sympathy as a child that must be provided with clothing and food other than that which can be procured from the gutters.

The ugliness of the streets of Constantinople is in no measure relieved by the appearance of the shops, as in other countries. According to GAUTIER, who has devoted a whole volume to the description of Constantinople and its environs, they resemble stalls, having the appearance of alcoves cut into the walls, and are about as narrow and contracted. At night they are closed by shutters, which hang upon hinges, and shut down like the ports of a ship. During the daytime the shop-keeper, seated cross-legged upon a bit of matting or Smyrna carpet, carelessly smokes his pipe or plays with his beads, retaining the same position for hours, and appearing perfectly indifferent in regard to custom. The purchasers stand always outside in the street, examining the goods exposed in the front of the stall, with a purely business-like air. The art of displaying merchandise to advantage, which is carried to such perfection in European and American cities, is quite unknown or utterly disdained in Turkey.

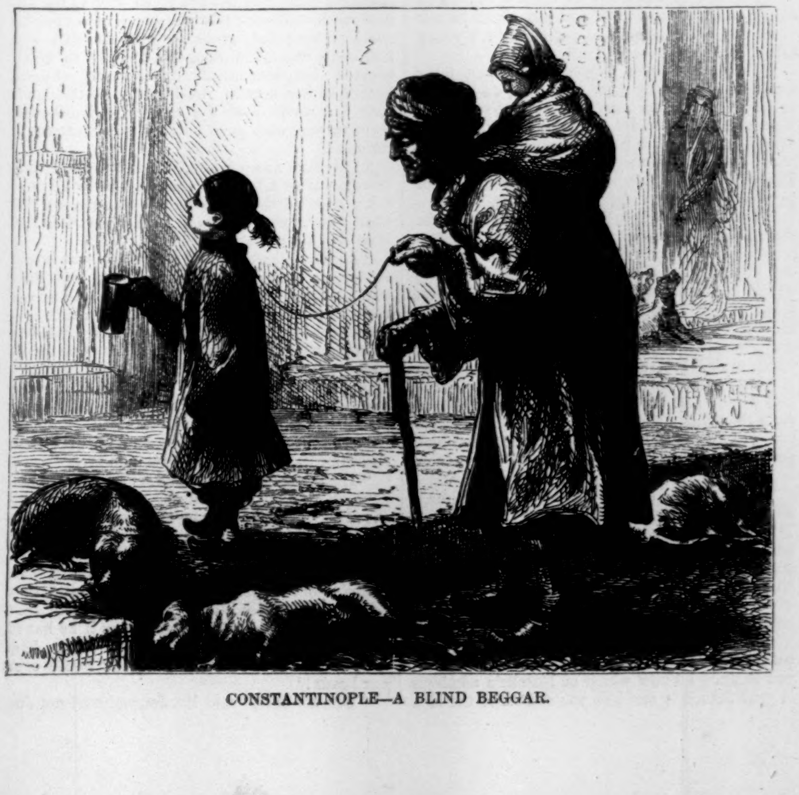
Visiting Constantinople, one is amazed to see that the marble-yards where they chisel the turban-headed tombstones which crowd the numerous cemeteries are right in the midst of the city. On one side of these monument manufactories a vendor of vegetables will display his wares, consisting of heaps of cucumbers and tomatoes, barrels of black olives, and white cheeses which closely resemble greasy plaster, while on the other a fish-market will assert its presence by all manner of saline and piscatorial odors. Their funereal occupation does not appear to sadden those who practice it; they chisel away at their lugubrious marbles in the jolliest manner possible. There is a perpetual clatter of mallets and chisels; a cloud of sparkling dust, like snow that will not melt, sprinkles itself throughout the whole quarter. The "illuminators," surrounded with pots of color, tint the spots from which are to spring, in letters of gold, the names of the deceased, accompanied by a verse of the Koran, or a wreath of flowers or vine leaves, or of grapes. The last are peculiar to the tombs of the women, being regarded as emblems of gentleness, grace, and fruitfulness. In Turkey it constantly strikes a European that the idea of death seems to alarm nobody, and does not awaken the slightest sentiment of melancholy. They become, no doubt, familiarized with it; and the close vicinity of the cemeteries, blending every where the city of the dead with that of the living, instead of being placed, like ours, outside of the towns and in solitary localities, robs it of much of its terror and mystery.

The fact that women are not employed in the shops of Constantinople is very striking to a stranger. The Mussulman jealously yields little to the necessities of trade; and they still keep closely secluded the sex which they are accustomed habitually to distrust. Many little details of duty performed in European shops invariably by females are discharged in Turkey by athletic fellows with portentous beards, whose unfitness for such a task is grotesquely obvious.

But if women are not allowed to sell, they revenge themselves by buying; and one sees them in the shops in groups of two or three, followed by negresses carrying sacks in which the pur-



CONSTANTINOPLE—THE SCAVENGER.



CONSTANTINOPLE—A BLIND BEGGAR.